



**Special Features This Issue**  
“With the Summercats at Dark Harbor”  
“The Riddle of the Sharpie and the Cat”

# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 24 – Number 8

September 1, 2006



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Friend Charlie and I resumed our summer paddling on July 26 after a hiatus due to his having some surgery that required about a month layoff from serious physical activity. As he was still not back to full strength, we decided to paddle on a lake near where I live where we'd not get too far from our put-in should he run out of gas.

This was only paddle number three for the year. We had traveled to Cape Cod in early June to join friend Stan during his week at his timeshare Cape home. Stan does not own a kayak, he rents from local boatyards near where the chosen outing is to take place. This year he had a ridiculously short and tall rotomolded double for himself and adult son Eric. A local couple in serious British type fiberglass kayaks also joined us. Charlie and I use my Seda Tango for any salt water outings.

The chosen venue this year was Pocasset Harbor on the eastern shore of Buzzards Bay, the west side of Cape Cod. It is pretty well protected from the southwest winds that usually blow right up the Bay by Bassett's Island, backed by Scraggy Neck. It was blowing and when we rounded the end of the pier at the launch ramp and turned south, it was head on slogging. We got into a bit of a lee under Bassett's Island for a while but soon had to come out into the wind and slogged about the last mile to round the southern tip of the island, a long sandspit.

Charlie and I make pretty good time in the Tango in these conditions, but poor Stan and Eric in their bathtub toy were hardly making any progress at all and it took a while for them to round the tip and join us for lunch on the beach.

Stan's plan was then to continue about a mile along the southern side of the island and then round a point into an inlet back into the harbor, but as I viewed the far end of the island I could see whitecaps and waves breaking on the rocky shore, a lee shore with the now strong southwester blowing onto it right up Buzzards Bay unobstructed by Scraggy Point.

I announced that I, for one, was not going to venture to round the windblown lee shore of that point, especially as the mile to traverse to get to it would be broadside on to the building wind driven waves. Charlie (especially) and I would approach the point already weary. There was some surprise upon my announcement. While Stan's friends in their seaworthy kayaks with their level of experience could handle the situation okay, Stan and Eric in that silly plastic toy would

be in much bigger trouble than I envisioned for Charlie and I.

I did not attempt to persuade them to join us in retracing our outbound route but was adamant that I would not join them in any attempt to round the point. My view prevailed and we headed back the way we had come, downwind. We saw no other boats underway at all over our four-hour outing.

Charlie and I got out once more, just before his surgery, on the Assabet River near his home in Worcester, this time in individual kayaks, he in his little Heritage and I in my daughter's Old Town Loon. The Assabet turned out to be a meandering stream with a surprising amount of natural shoreline, only occasionally would riverfront homes appear, there was quite a lot of wetland adjacent to the river. The traffic roar on nearby I290 could be heard, spoiling the illusion, but it was pleasant.

Thunderstorms were building to our west and we decided finally to turn back before they got to us. We always go upstream on river outings so it is downhill back to the put-in. Despite our being between two dams there was a significant current and we pulled into the put-in just as the first big drops came down. Nobody else was out on this stretch of river during our two-hour paddle.

Now a month later here we were at the ramp on Chebacco Lake. This lake is about two miles north/south and a mile or less east/west with a meandering shoreline offering several coves and points. About half the shoreline is lined with what once were summer camps but now serve as year round housing. They all have outboards parked dockside. None at all were out on lake when we arrived late morning. Good.

At the ramp was a man setting up a model airboat driven by a model airplane motor. He soon had the 3' long model afloat and off cutting figure eights and doughnuts off the ramp. As we paddled away the high pitched buzz followed us for a long way. In a while it stopped. He must have run through his suite of maneuvers. Or maybe it ran out of gas out there beyond his reach (he had no boat with him)? Or possibly it kept going out until it got beyond radio range?

Well, Chebacco Lake would have been too small for our kayaking had Charlie been back in shape. I cannot imagine the allure of riding around it in the multitude of outboards that live there, sorta like riding motorcycles around in a shopping mall parking lot. Maybe the model guy saw it as a challenge?

## In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Reviews
- 8 The Joys of Nature
- 9 With the Summercaters at Dark Harbor
- 12 Typhoon in the Bahamas!
- 14 The End of the Road
- 16 Pearly's Mermaids
- 18 Sleeping Outside on Deck
- 19 A Canoe Voyage
- 19 Charles River Source to the Sea Segment IV
- 20 Beyond the Horizon
- 22 The Canned Ham Incident
- 24 The Riddle of the Sharpie and the Cat
- 25 CLC Sells 100th Passagemaker Dinghy
- 26 Different Boats for Different Folks
- 28 Imp
- 29 My Quest for the Ideal Boat Part 4
- 30 Bolger on Design
- 32 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

## On the Cover...

It was the summer of 1955 when college boy Joe Spalding got a job teaching sailing at the Taratine Yacht Club in Dark Harbor, Maine, now he recalls with relish that summer spent amongst the well to do summercaters in this issue.



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

We spent the first couple of weeks of February in Everglades City, Florida. This began as a busy and prosperous town back in the '20s when Baron Collier built the Tamiami Trail from Tampa to Miami. Today E. City remains a sleepy backwater and would-be tourist attraction. Its greatest assets consist of the innumerable waterways of Everglades National Park and the shallow lagoon offshore among the Ten Thousand Islands National Wildlife Refuge.

Everglades City is essentially an island surrounded by Baron River, Halfway Creek, and Turner River, all of which empty into the Gulf of Mexico. Smaller creeks interconnect back amid the mangroves. All of these waterways are ideal for paddling. A couple of local outfitters rent every color kayak and canoe.

"Oh, but you mustn't rent a canoe from a commercial place," said my sister. "You must visit with the Cat Lady and borrow her canoe."

The Cat Lady lives on a little canal just off Halfway Creek. A high, cat-proof fence surrounds her yard. Within are two or three dozen strays for whom she attempts to find homes. My son and I spent a cheerful half hour with her and several cats on her screened-in porch, drinking limeade, made fresh from her lime tree, thank you, and being instructed on the navigation of the various creeks and passages. I gave her a contribution for cat food and we slid her old canoe into the canal.

For the first half mile we paddled by pretty cottages surrounded by palms and citrus and banana trees, by hyacinths and orchids and bougainvilleas. Soon the cottages on Halfway Creek grew farther apart. Suddenly there was nothing save a narrowing, shady slot between the mangroves. These were small and serried and grew to the muddy banks of the stream. We couldn't step ashore. We looked in vain for alligators, we looked in vain for birds.

The creek finally opened into a little pond. We drifted and shared our crackers and cheese and dates. We checked our chart (courtesy of the Cat Lady). A couple of miles more and we would enter a good-sized pond, the creek beyond that would spread to admit the sky. We resumed our paddle up the shady slot. The mosquitoes, having devoured the alligators, resorted to us.

The second pond had islands in it, on one of which an osprey had her nest. The male alighted nearby and assured us we weren't to come ashore. Soon after we startled a great blue heron who, in the inimitable way of herons, always alighted just far enough ahead of us to be continually startled for most of a mile. But herons and ospreys we see most days in Connecticut. We wanted alligators and plenty of them. They should have been chasing our canoe and trying to have us for supper. All of this paddling just to see a blue heron? Yep. We went as far as the Turner River and made our equally uneventful return. So much for the Everglades. At least the mosquitoes were friendly.

The Cat Lady had departed. We cleaned her canoe and hosed the mud from its bottom. The cats were not amused. The following day we drove north to Big Cypress National Preserve. A "borrow canal" from which the road fill had been borrowed runs parallel to the road. Twenty feet broad and several feet deep, it's backed by miles of marshes. Every couple of hundred yards an alligator basked on its muddy banks. Some of them would fill a small canoe. We might have paddled this canal the length of Collier County in the company of herons, egrets, cormorants, and countless little birds. I supposed we might deprive the cats of their boat a second time and traverse the borrow canal. One of the largest alligators yawned. He had the most impressive set of dentures.

"It wouldn't be fair to interrupt his nap," remarked my son.



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# You write to us about...

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Electric Rentals

After 2½ months helping friends Joe and Sue Dazey work on their 47' troller, I'm back in Montana for my first summer home in 14 years! Joe and Sue have one of a number of husband/wife operated trollers in the south-east Alaskan commercial fleet. When Sue flies south in early September to teach school, I'll fly north to replace her as crew for the last of the season and the return trip to Puget Sound.

While we were working on the boat in Poulsbo, Washington, we had an electric boat rental nearby. Apparently others are being rented on Lake Union in Seattle and some in southern California. They are advertised as requiring no boating experience and, with a little help getting underway and tying up later, all we saw did fine. Some had shakey starts but confident returns. Liberty Bay is small and sheltered enough for a good beginner experience. The boats seemed to have a lot of torque and got up to speed quickly.

Lynn Fabian, Great Falls, MT

**Editor Comments:** The brochure Lynn sent along quotes half-day rental at \$275, full day at \$525, and season passes ranging from \$1,200 to \$1,500!



### Ugly Duck on the Erie Canal

Since I wrote the articles about my Ugly Duck in the summer of 2005 (which you published in the June 2006 issues) the Duck and I cruised another 200 miles together, this time on the Erie Canal in New York. We put in near Utica and had a delightful cruise to the Hudson River and back. To avoid the heat and crowds we left last October. The weather was cool and wet but I remained warm, dry, and comfortable in the Duck's tiny pilot-house. The cruise was a delight and the Duck attracted attention everywhere we went.

The Duck is still available FREE to anyone who wants her, but I did notice that in my article I gave the wrong area code for my phone number, the proper number is (330) 854-3796.

John Ulmer, 659 S. Cabnal St., Canal Fulton, OH 44614

## Designs...

### Forward Facing Rowing with EZ-ROW

Just thought I'd send you a couple pictures of my new forward facing rowing system with a sliding seat. The sliding seat is from the good people at Concept 2 rowing. They have given me permission to use their

seat on my product. I have to change the roller assemblies to make them compatible for outdoor use, but the seat is extremely comfortable and I have yet to develop a blister from using this while rowing.

The complete system just clamps into a canoe and when you pull back on the handles you go forward in the direction you are facing. Having the ability to use your legs also really adds a lot of power. I thought that it would be impractical to have a sliding seat rowing system in a canoe, especially in windy, rough water conditions, but what I found was that when I was rowing, and applying pressure, I did not just uncontrollably roll back in forth in the seat, and having my feet in the foot straps gave me all the power and control that I needed to stay on course. I use it often and am really satisfied with the performance.

Mike Nesseth, EZ-ROW Inc., PO Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275



## Information of Interest...

### What is a "Floop"??

"Floop" is the word written by a non-boating, not paying attention, telephone classified ad taker who hears the letter "s" as the letter "f". And "floop" is a reminder to be careful what you say!

Richard Ellers (ex-newsman), Warren, OH

### New TSCA Chapter

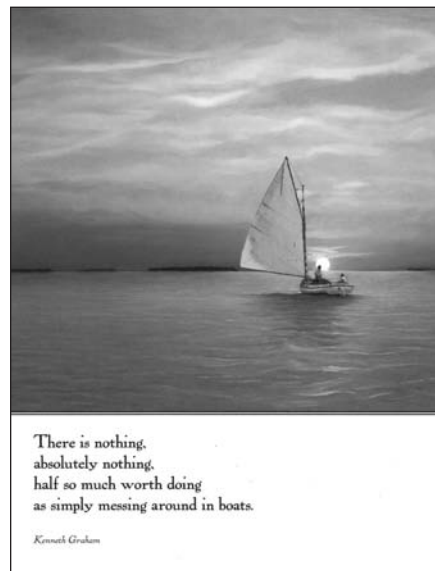
A new chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association is forming for the Delmarva region. Currently based in Cambridge, Maryland, the "Eastern Shore" chapter will provide a venue for mess-abouters to get out on the many local waterways and a means to get together and share boats and boating skills with other local enthusiasts. Interested parties are invited to check out the national website at [www.tsca.net](http://www.tsca.net) or contact Mike Moore at [estsca@mail.com](mailto:estsca@mail.com) for more information.

Mike Moore, Cambridge, MD

### Trader Joe's Card

I thought that you (and your readers) might enjoy this card, sold by Trader Joe's, the very popular specialty food and grocery store.

Mike Miller, Phoenix, AZ



## Projects...

### Still Wants to Build

I have built a number of boats in the past, you published an article by Sharon Brown about some of them in the June 15, 2005 issue. When I built my last boat, an Egret by Ross Miller, I said that that would be the last one as I am a tired old man. But I get bored and still want to build, maybe an Adirondack Guideboat.

Rodger Swannson did a review on that boat in the June 1 issue, he has really done a lot of research on the boat. He mentioned a 13½' guideboat. If that will carry two people I am interested and will contact him.

Thanks for all the pleasure you have brought me with MAIB.

Jack Faatz, Dayton, TN

### Robb's Last Boat

Steven Swann sent me this photo of *Swann Song*, Robb White's last boat, with his daughter, for whom it was built, and friends out fishing.

Turner Matthews, Bradenton, FL





### Time to See How the Sail Sets

Time to see how the sails sets, finally.  
Evening time, no wind!

Dick Burnham, Cummington, MA



### This Magazine...

#### Identifying Tearsheets

I just tore out the page with my brother Matthew's "Constant Waterman" column to send to our cousin and then realized that the top and bottom of your magazine doesn't have a title or date so I had to also send her the front cover.

I'd like to suggest that you print some information on each page about the publication (e.g., *Messing About in Boats*, June 15, 2006). You might also want to add your website address <http://www.messingaboutinboats.com>.

Marya Repko, Everglades City, FL

### Poet's Corner...

I just read the Henry Van Dyke piece about the horse-yacht in the July 1 issue and it was a lovely read. It reminded me of a poem or verse, call it what you will, by Dr. Van Dyke that I found among my father's papers shortly after his death. Poetry has always been a source of strength for me in times of grief. It seems so appropos that I thought that Robb White's family and friends might find some solace in reading it. I enclose it here...

#### Gone From My Sight

I am standing upon the seashore.  
A ship at my side spreads her white sails  
to the morning breeze and starts  
for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until at length she  
hangs like a speck of white cloud just  
where the sea and sky come to mingle  
with each other.

Then someone at my side says:

"There, she is gone!"

"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight.

That is all.

She is just as large in mast and hull and  
spar as she was when she left my side  
and she is just as able to bear her load  
of living freight to her destined port.  
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.  
And just at the moment when someone  
at my side says: "There, she is gone!"  
there are other eyes watching her com-  
ing, and other voices ready to take up  
the glad shout: "Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

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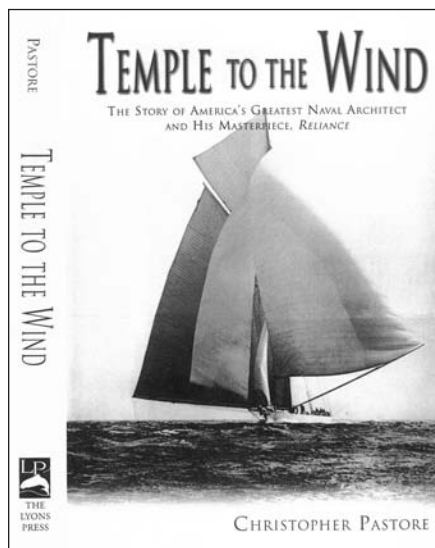
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# Temple to the Wind

By Christopher Pastore  
ISBN 1-59228-557-0  
The Lyons Press  
\$22.95

Reviewed by Fred Eichmann

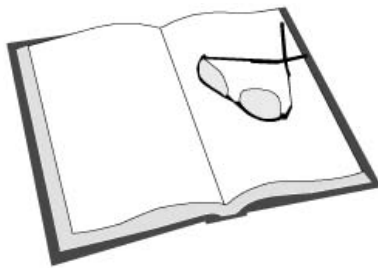


When I called Bob concerning books available for review, I thought a book subtitled *The Story of America's Greatest Naval Architect* would be an excellent first contribution to *Messing About*. I have long enjoyed the history and evolution of yacht design, especially sailboats. The title, *Temple to the Wind*, had me wondering who the author might crown "The Greatest." We quickly realized that, as a Bristol resident, my review of a book about Nathaniel (Nat) Herreshoff would be somewhat of a natural selection. I drive by the Herreshoff Marine Museum frequently and have a mooring just a short distance north. During the racing season the skipper of the boat I crew on picks us up at the museum pier. I often marvel at what used to be there considering the Herreshoffs had two building sheds on the west side of Hope Street, where yachts up to 160' were constructed.

Upon receiving the book I did a quick read-through only to wonder about the true goal of the author. Was this largely a history of boat building? Where are the pictures of the magnificent yachts? If this is a biography, where are the personal life details? The description of sailing "The Temple, *Reliance*" was good but somewhat inconsistent, seemingly written with varying moods. At times the detail is overdone and, considering the historical nature of the subject, creative writing by the author with, in my opinion, some inconsistencies. In a second reading I found the text to flow well, with the early chapters building a foundation for what was to come.

Life was certainly different in the 1850s when Nat, at the age of nine, began working with his blind older brother, John, building boats. By 11 he was an experienced draftsman. The brothers were fortunate in that there were family resources and an older brother (James) who was not only successful, but willing and able to fund their early business, which consisted primarily of building skiffs.

Nat entered MIT at an early age and at 16 built a new type of steam engine. He



## Book Reviews

became a rising star in the Boston yachting community and devised an early rating system. Never earning a degree, Nat began working for the Corliss Steam Engine Company in Providence and for his brother. In early 1874 he became ill and suffered a mental breakdown. For recovery he visited an older brother in Europe.

At this time the author introduces us to Thomas Lipton, who will play a major role in the future. In writing *Temple to the Wind*, Chris Pastore went to Ireland to obtain the English equivalent of his Bristol, Herreshoff, and U.S. America's Cup research. This research, its development, and use throughout the chapters sets this book apart. I found the descriptions of Lipton, the English designers, the Fife family, wax model tank testing, etc. to be most interesting and informative.

Upon his return from Europe Nat resumed his dual occupation of working for the Corliss Company and his brothers. He was also a successful racing skipper. By this time the commercial maritime industry was evolving from sail to steam. James had developed a lightweight coil boiler which Nat perfected. Their first Navy torpedo boat order was received in 1876 and the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company was formed in 1878. In five years they built 43 steam yachts.

As we all know, timing in life can be everything. In the push for delivery and performance a boiler explosion resulted in a death and Nat's steam license was revoked in 1890. Despite having built only eight sailboats until then (four for themselves), they shifted their emphasis to sailboat construction. Nat had developed a wealthy client base that was less demanding than the Navy. His approach was to build the best, don't ask questions, and pay bills on time.

Involvement in the America's Cup essentially evolved from the death of Edward Burgess in 1887, until then the dominant designer for this competition. Designing and building these large yachts was lucrative and demanding. The races, held off Sandy Hook near New York, were national events.

In the 1890s the competition was dominated by Thomas Lipton, who wanted to return the Cup to England. He had the financial resources to tax the will of the Americans to defend the Cup. To deter his effort, the New York Yacht Club conceived *Reliance* as an ultimate yacht that would discourage future challenges. It would have an on-deck length of 144' and sail area larger than 16,000sf. Nat initially refused the commission but eventually accepted.

The author reports the evolution of *Reliance* well but romanticizes, in my opin-

ion. In describing the elimination trials I found it hard to accept the skipper's "watching eyes" and taking a 144' foot boat out for a "spin." Interesting errors also creep in, despite proofreading. I believe 15 miles northeast of the Breton Reef Lightship there is land, not suitable for sailing a boat with a 19' draft! Also, on one page we "clip" the spinnaker pole to the mast, but a page later we have several men wrestling a 1,000lb pole to the mast fitting!

Despite such lapses, the author does have some very good descriptions of terms, tactics, and sail handling. The outcome of the last race of the 1903 defense is a letdown and the evolution of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company is sad.

To think of this designer, Nathanael Greene Herreshoff, and his many accomplishments, including the development of cross cut sails, being based in a still small town in Rhode Island is fascinating to me. The good old days in Bristol Harbor must have been very interesting. *Temple to the Wind* is a pretty good read overall.

## Field Guide to Lighthouses of the Pacific Coast

By Elinor Dewire  
Voyageur Press (MBI Publishing)  
Galtier Plaza, Suite 200  
380 Jackson St., St. Paul, MN 55101  
\$19.95

Reviewed by Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

Americans have a veritable love affair with lighthouses, for reasons unfathomable, especially in the Middle West where collected water is considered corn field run-off. Yet every Nebraska, Iowa, and South Dakota gift shop seems to display and sell models, pictures, prints, and books about lighthouses. The author, Elinor De Wire, has spent 25 years writing about lighthouses. This small, hardbacked picture book fits right in with its bigger pals.

At first glance this little book seems like a nice picture book of Pacific lighthouses selling for \$19.95 which could easily be spent on other things. Don't fall for it. After a second view this book will become a lighthouse lovers immediate addition to their collection.

The author wastes no verbiage, proffers a plethora of information, and provides insight into the history, people, and regions of her subject. The reader will quickly learn the difference between a Third Order lens and a First Order lens, fixed and flashing Fresnel lenses (it has nothing to do with on-off concepts), and functional and artistic architecture.

For the travelers of the universe, the book cites information including web sites, addresses, and people to contact. It also gives specific directions on how to get to each lighthouse. For example, the beautiful Umpqua River Light Station is open Wednesdays through Saturdays from 10am to 5pm. It can be reached from Highway 101 six miles south of Reedsport, turn west into Umpqua State Park, and follow signs. Its



magnificent ruby glass lens is 10' tall and is still in operation.

A reader will rapidly find favorites. Some lighthouses are mere lamp and lens mounts on a stubby foundation or on top of a metal tower while others are architectural artistry reflecting the era or the location. The Alcatraz Island lighthouse was a beautiful Victorian structure while the Point Conception lighthouse is a Spanish church with the lighthouse serving as the spire. Replace the light with a bell and place a cross on top and Mass could be said in Spanish in the parlor with no one suspecting this wasn't an old church.

This small, 144-page book is not all pretty pictures and roadway directions, its short chapters include a brief but bleak look at the lifestyle of light keepers and their families (if they could take their family with them on assignment). It also notes the dangers of the life such as the tsunami of 1946 in Alaska which wiped a lighthouse totally off the hill. Nicely added to the book is the collection of Hawaiian lighthouses which we tend to forget as Pacific Coast lighthouses.

Frankly, this is a book you won't put down until every page has been read, re-read, reviewed, and prized. After purchasing the book the buyer will want to rev up the Winnebago and head out to the West Coast for a wondrous vacation from San Diego to the Canadian border viewing lighthouses. The book can show how to sleep at a lighthouse and serve as a keeper for up to a week at a time. Great fun.

---

## *The Sailor's Hornbook With a Vermiform Appendix on Racing Terminology*

By David O'Neal  
Illustrated by Jennifer Powell  
ISBN 1-59457-585-1  
BookSurge, LLC, Copyright 2004  
North Charleston, SC

Reviewed by Michael Scheibeck

---

Let me begin with what this book is not. It is not a dictionary of nautical terms a sailor should give to a non-sailing person as an educational tool. While it is in the form of an alphabetized dictionary (a hornbook is like a child's ABC primer (I had to look it up), I don't believe Mr. O'Neal means for us to take him at all seriously. From the title (your vermiform appendix is the one they take out when you have appendicitis) through the faux quotes on the back cover (I think we might reasonably doubt that Joseph Conrad had anything at all to say about a book bearing a 2004 copyright), this book ought to be taken with a grain of salt about the size of the salt blocks we used to put out for the horses to lick. You might even find yourself laughing at some of these daffynitions, if you are familiar with the actual meanings of the terms and if your sense of humor runs to puns and other such wordplay.

Not to be constrained by the form of a dictionary, Mr. O'Neal has spiced his work

here and there with the odd poem, some attributed to other authors. Many of these poems are of the limerick form and there are two of the "limeraiiku" form found where "limerick" is defined. A "limeraiiku" seems to be a melding of elements from both the limerick and haiku forms, something I'd never encountered before and hope never to encounter again! The limerick that actually made me laugh was found by the definition of anchor:

"There was a young girl called Bianca,  
Who slept while her ship lay at anchor;  
She awoke with dismay,  
When she heard the mate say:  
"Hi! Hoist up the top sheet and spanker!"

In order to make the rhymes work, you ought to read this like you were trying to imitate JFK.

Some of the entries in the book actually correctly define a term, just to throw you off I guess, and then go on to add something humorous, sometimes in the form of additional "definitions." For example:

FOREGUY: 1. A line led from the deck to the spinnaker pole in order to keep the pole from rising. 2. British term for a sailor who is assigned to the foredeck, usually to handle the jib or spinnaker.

They aren't all that easy, though, and some of them left me scratching my head. For example:

GALEOPIS: 1. An ancient warship with a prow resembling the beak of a swordfish. 2. Slang for a sailor with a nose like a galeopsis.

This one was incomprehensible to me. Is Mr. O'Neal talking about a "galleass," a sort of a cross between a galley and a galleon used in Mediterranean navies in times past? Is he confused with Galeopsis, a genus of herbs? Sorry, Dave, you lost me on that one.

Fortunately not all of the definitions are that obtuse. Some will be funny even to the non-nautical person. Here are some examples:

FUZZY LOGIC: A method of thinking and branch of logic, conjoined with fudged mathematics, employed by navigators to solve directional problems.

UNDER POWER: A term which accurately describes the effectiveness of auxiliary engines on most sailboats.

WIND: A naturally occurring movement of air which is either too little, too late, too much, or too far away.

...and from the "Vermiform Appendix on Racing Terminology" we get:

RACING: 1. The art and science of going very slow while attempting to go very fast in boats designed to go very fast but which go very slowly. 2. Popular nautical contact sport.

My own favorite entries were:

CHART NUMBER ONE: A key to abbreviations appearing in charts, most of which are without vowels and every second consonant. Thus, in its own style: "Th gvrnmt pblctn tht xplns smbls bbrvtns nd trms whch ppr n chrts, mst f whch r wtht vwls."

RUNNING FIX: A method of determining the boat's position by running along the slippery deck to get a compass bearing on two charted objects before one, or both, disappear.

Saint Peter's Holy Fishnets, enough already! If your taste runs to this sort of dry humor, some of which will leave you scratching your head, by all means order the book up from Amazon.com for 16 bucks or, better yet, put it on your Christmas list or,

even better yet, get somebody like Bob Hicks, *MAIB's* esteemed editor, to give it to you (warning: you will have to write a book review for him in exchange) and then pass it on to one of your sailor friends who reads too much, which is what I mean to do with this copy. Don't do what I did, though, and try to read the thing straight through. You'll end up feeling like it's something you have to read for a school book report, which is about how I have come to feel about this whole business myself. Taken in smaller doses, the book is good for a few laughs.

The book is published by a "self-publishing" house (there's an oxymoron for you!) called BookSurge, which is now owned by Amazon.com. Which is, what is up with this current fad of having capital letters show up in the middle of words? My 11th grade English teacher would have beaten my hands to bloody stumps over stuff like that! But, I digress... I found the following on the booksurge.com website:

"We at BookSurge stand on the founding principle that control of the publishing process, including the artistic aspect of book design and the marketing and promotions so vital to generating sales, should remain exclusively with the author."

In other words, the hapless author is pretty much on his own, which apparently includes dispensing with meddlesome stuff like having a staff editor give the book a good going over before printing it. This one has enough typographical errors, dropped letters, mismatched quotes, "smart quotes" that aren't so smart, strange page breaks, and the like, that even a mediocre editor like me would have a field day with it. I think David O'Neal is a better writer than this book shows us and I hope we might get something better from him in the future. How about a book of humorous short stories, Dave?

Okay, I said at the beginning that this book was not meant to be a serious glossary of nautical terms for the sailor-speak challenged, and you might well ask me what I would recommend that way. Let's say you are a sailor-speak challenged landlubber and your girlfriend was born to a sea captain's wife aboard a barkentine as they rounded Cape Horn in a gale. You get very nervous when she takes you sailing with her and bellows something at you that you don't understand, like: "Avast ditherin' thar, ye dimwitted dairyman! Clap onto the mizzen staysail sheet and haul! Smartly now, or I'll brain ye with a belayin' pin!" What is a mizzen staysail sheet? More importantly, what is a belaying pin? A man could get hurt for lack of knowing!

If having a source to look up concise definitions of nautical terms is what you're after, you could do worse than to take this \$16 (if you don't want to spend it on David O'Neal's funny book) and buy instead a good, used, unabridged dictionary of the English language. The words might be sailor-speak, but they are part of the English language, after all, and most of them will be there. If you want something less massive, you might try John Rousmaniere's *The Illustrated Dictionary of Boating Terms*. You'll get a good definition of "amidships" there, complete with a diagram, though you won't laugh as hard as you might over David O'Neal's funnier, if less useful, definition of that term: "The condition of being surrounded by boats." By all means, surround yourself with boats, and don't forget to laugh once in a while.

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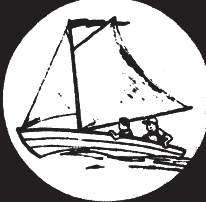
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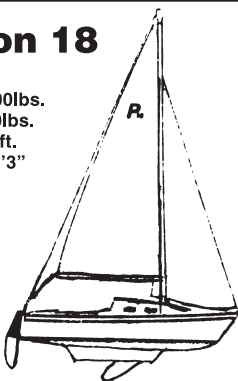
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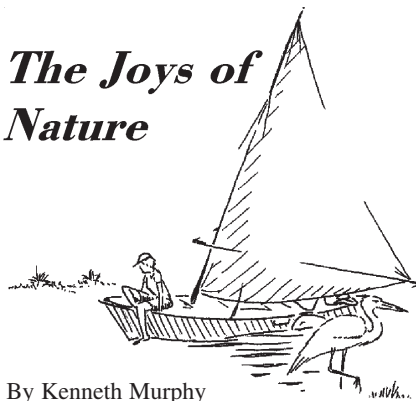
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## The Joys of Nature



By Kenneth Murphy

## The Joy of Science

This morning I got a call from my oldest son Kevin. He and his family are visiting his old alma mater, Penn State. As he talked about the good old days at college and his kid's reactions to some fun chemistry demonstrations put on by current graduate students, I was reminded of my son's favorite saying, "Everything is Physics."

As a teenager Kevin studied piano and drums and practiced in our basement with a band called "Alloy." I would hear this pounding sound rising up from the basement and wondered what path would my son take after high school graduation. His parents suggested instead of music, maybe he could work in acoustics, as after all, music and acoustics are related. As it turned out acoustics is physics and so physics it was.

Somewhere along the way Kevin began reading the books and lectures by the physicist Richard P. Feynman. Feynman became Kevin's favorite hero. Not only was he an outstanding physicist (Nobel Laureate) and great lecturer and teacher, but a wonderful, dynamic character. Also, he played the drums so he had to be good. I also became infected after reading Feynman's popular book, *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman! Adventures of a Curious Character*. Much of Feynman's writings bring across his irresistible curiosity about Nature, such as spending several days observing ants crawling around his office and devising experiments answering the question, how do ants find food and signal one another how to locate the food?

This afternoon I visited Borders Books and was delighted to find a new book about Feynman. His daughter, Michelle, has gathered up 30 years worth of letters to and from her dad. The book is titled, *Perfectly Reasonable Deviations from the Beaten Track*. The correspondence continues to show Feynman's unique character and his driving search to uncover the mysteries of our physical world. His letters also seem to show that he always answered his mail, and in a mostly kindly way.

He was a great letter writer. As an example, a Mrs. Robert Weiner sent Feynman a letter dated October 24, 1967, about some remarks that Feynman made in the *Los Angeles Times*, reflecting that current poets show no interest in the beauty of modern physics. She asked why would poets write about such forbidding and difficult stuff and

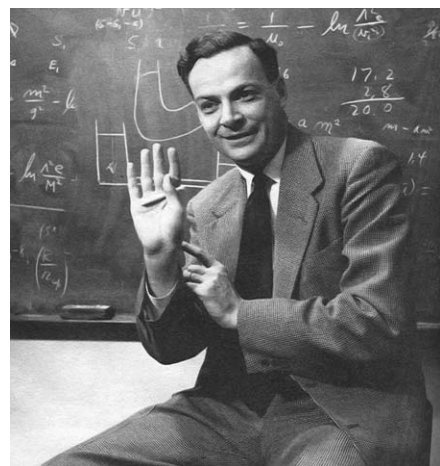
included a poem by W.H. Auden. Here is part of Feynman's response to Ms. Weiner:

"Mr. Auden's poem only confirms his lack of response to Nature's wonders for he himself says that he would like to know more clearly what we want the knowledge for. We want it so we can love Nature more. Would you not turn a beautiful flower around in your hand to see it from other directions as well?"

Of course, men want knowledge for many other purposes also, to make war, to make a commercial success, to help the sick or the poor, etc., motives of various values. These obvious motives and their consequences the poets do understand and do write about. But the emotions of awe, wonder, delight, and love which are evoked upon learning Nature's ways in the animate and inanimate world together (for they are one) is rarely expressed in modern poetry where the aspect of Nature being appreciated is one which could have been known to men in the Renaissance.

And the crassness of our time, so much lamented is a crassness that can be alleviated only by art and surely not by science without art. Art and poetry can remind the mind of beauty and gradually make life more beautiful.

My lament was that a kind of intense beauty that I see given to me by science is seen by so few others, by few poets and therefore by even fewer more ordinary people."



To me these words bring out the drive in Feynman's life that is echoed in all his books and lectures. So this evening, before writing this, I Googled "Science Poetry" to see what I could find. I was somewhat disappointed not finding a poem showing the "intense beauty" of science. However, I believe Feynman would have been happy to know that many grade schools and high schools ask students to write poems about science. Here is one example:

Sun, sea, and sand,  
Clouds, cars, and computers.  
Intestines, ice cubes, and insects,  
Explosions, earth, and electricity.  
Nepenthe, nature, and noise,  
Creations, copper, and chemicals.  
Everywhere we look science looks back.  
Tanwen Davies

I especially like the last line, "everywhere we look science looks back." I think Feynman would have smiled at that.

(Contributions to this column, including poems about science, should be emailed to Ken Murphy at [kkmurphy@comcast.net](mailto:kkmurphy@comcast.net))



The article about the lobster yacht *Growler* triggered my memories of my great summer of 1955. It all started one afternoon in January or February when I answered the phone at my fraternity at Columbia and a voice on the other end asked if there was anyone there who knew anything about sailing. He was looking for someone to teach sailing at the Taratine Yacht Club at Dark Harbor, Maine.

I had raced my brother's Lightning and sailed my family's Canadian Dinghy, 14' long, 200lbs, and 144sf of sail, so quick as a wink I said, "Yes, I sail." Before I knew it I was meeting with Alexander Aldrich, Jr. and Gorey Kinnicut at the New York Athletic Club for lunch and I had a summer job. Gorey was to be my boss and we kept in touch.

Around June 30 I boarded the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad sleeper that was going to be switched to the Boston & Maine and dropped in Rockland, Maine. It was a rendezvous with lots of gin or vodka tonics and a rather long party ensued as everyone renewed old friendships.

We all disembarked at Rockland and piled into various vintage beach wagons and Suburbans for the journey to Lincolnville and the Islesboro Ferry. My first introduction to Maine's cold waters came in the boss's pool. I thought Skaneateles Lake water was cold in July, but it was nothing like this.

I was installed at the shore end of a long, high dock that ended up with three floats or barges that stretched out toward 700 Acre Island. This was to be my home for eight weeks. My room was cozy with a john, a shower, a creaky bed, and the water lapping underneath the dock at high tide.

Mrs. Josie Barton was the caretaker of the club kitchen and she was also responsible for feeding Gust and me. Gust was the captain and crew of a meticulously maintained 35' lovely blue sloop named *Vanitie*. He was a retired Coast Guard chief and he sponged the dew off every morning and touched up the bronze hardware, including two beautiful two-speed winches.

Mr. Mosley owned *Vanitie* and invited me to sail with him whenever it went out with a short crew. He had great patience instructing me how to sail a real boat. Getting used to a compass heading and a wheel took me a

Mosley yacht *Vanitie* dockside.



## With the Summercaters at Dark Harbor

By Joseph W. Spalding  
Photos by Mayo Snyder

while, but it has never left me and I have helmed a lot of boats in the ensuing 50 years.

When all the folks went back to New York to return to work after the holiday weekend, the local boatmen stopped by to see who the new summer kid was. The first two were Willis Rossiter and Robin Quimby. Robin was rowing a dory standing up and I told him that my dad had been an oarsman and had cautioned me to always be seated when rowing. This brought forth a "That so?" I asked him if he ever fell out of the boat and he said, "Nope. Good thing as I can't swim a stroke."

Robin took care of Marshall Field's waterfront chores. Willis was Mr. Field's full-time boatman who made sure the boats were ready to go and sailed with him when the Dark Harbor 20 boats were raced. Willis didn't get involved with the big boat, the *Corisande*, which was about 90' and had a captain, mate, and deckhand. Captain Jack was late getting to Maine due to a bit of difficulty going south in the Cape Cod Canal and delays at the repair yard.

Willis drove the *Raccoon*, a great long mahogany commuter boat, about 45' long with a huge Sterling engine. It would go well up in the 30mph range. Eventually, when a full complement of young summer folk arrived and the water warmed, we water skied behind the *Raccoon*. It was no chore to get up as the water coming out from under the *Raccoon* was like liquid concrete and you just popped on top. The average ski boat in upstate New York at that time was a 14' or 15' Penn Yan or Thompson with a 35-40hp motor. The water coming out from one of these boats was a real challenge to the "big ones" and I have always been a "big one."

In good weather Willis drove the *Raccoon* to Rockland and brought the Fields and their guests back from the train on Friday

Marshall Field's yacht *Corisande*.



nights. Willis lived in Camden and commuted almost every day in a small sharpie skiff he built which went really fast with an 18hp engine. The bottom was 1/4" plywood and it just moved with the waves. Willis said he built her light so he could skip over, using very little gas.

Al Norton was around 40, I think, when I met him and he took me under his wing. I spent quite a bit of time with him as we ran the weekend and Wednesday races from his boat. It was a wonderful boat with a good full bow, a cabin with a V-berth and a small galley and table. Al had designed this boat and built it for commuting from Camden in the winter.

I was well accepted by Al, probably because I could tie a bowline, not the way he could, but I didn't dink around with the rabbit-in-the-hole thing. I never could master the behind the back trick that all these watermen could do. Once we were going to tow in some craft and I started to tie a square knot. Al instructed me firmly, "Two bowlines." That voice rings in my ear to this day, "Use bowline."

Al had black hair that was stiff as wire and he liked to get his crew cut topped off every two or three weeks. He invited me to go to Camden and the barbershop with him where I got a good lesson on how to tie to fixed pilings with an active tide.

My major job, in retrospect, was to help Al run the sailboat races. I pulled flags and called time and bellowed instructions through a big old megaphone (the loud hailer wasn't invented until much later).

I recall one Sunday race when Ambassador Aldrich barged the line and Al whispered in my ear to ask him to withdraw. I boomed out, "Mr. Ambassador, you are barging". He withdrew immediately. Imagine, a yahoo from upstate New York throwing the Ambassador to the Court of St. James out of a sailboat race.

During one of these races I took one of those sailboat pictures that looks as good as you hope for. I got the one in 200 that is worth saving. I used an old Kodak bellows camera, 120 film size (post card) with a goofy view finder that flipped over if you wanted to take an up-and-down shot.

The instruction part of the job was fairly minor as programs were not as structured

as they are today. A group of kids arrived and I taught them the parts of the boats and safety rules. We piled into the Turnabouts. I either coached from a skiff that I rowed around or I sailed with different groups until they got the idea of the feel of the boat. Everybody had fun, learned a bit, and disappeared when it was their cousins' turn to come to the family place.

I spent one week with a young man from the Kellogg family who couldn't see. I had never even contemplated sailing if one were blind. I took him out in a Turnabout every good day and I think he got the idea of making the boat go. I hope that he later learned to enjoy sailing.

I know that sailing well without sight is possible because George Parnes, champion Lightning sailor, lost his sight and cruised all over Skaneateles Lake and Lake Ontario. He just needed an observer to give him a hint or two, sort of like the guides for the blind skiers.

Turnabouts have remained a teaching boat in New England, but the vintage model we had at the Taratine Yacht Club was a bear when swamped or capsized. The boats that I had been associated with could be quick-towed and then bailed. These boats ended up having to be beached to get them going again. In retrospect, a ring low on the stem might have allowed them to be quick-towed and bailed. I am sure that they now have air bags like the Opti and they are probably almost self-rescuing.

Al Norton was a Sailfish dealer and he had one of the very first Sunfishes. It was a plywood model. I had worked for Alcott the summer before and they asked Al to have me demo the boat for them. We kept it tied up under one of the walkways between the floats.

I sailed it as often as I could and would often sail out and accompany the bigger boats, sailing back downwind on a good, smoky southwester. I would plane by going 30-40 yards ahead and then intentionally dump the boat, climb back on, and catch them again.

The general attitude was that if you didn't have a big blob of lead on the bottom, a boat wasn't safe. There was a Lightning up

island and they said it had a lot of wires and no lead, so it probably wasn't safe for Maine.

We ran races for adults on weekends and kids and young adults on weekdays. The younger folks sailed inside the harbor in 12½-footers and the older folks sailed around 700 Acre Island. The family motorboats with boatmen provided safety watch as Al and I couldn't be everywhere. We generally stayed close to the start and finish line and kept an eye on the 12½-footers.

At one point we had a summer squall with good strong winds from the west that built up to large seas on the west side (outside) of 700 Acre Island. One of the 20 boats swamped and sank but the sailors were rescued by the Douglas Dillon boat. Al found the mast sticking out of water about 12" at low tide. He was able to get a substantial line on the mast, maybe below the jumper strut. I joined him later, at about half tide. He had his work barge that had a pile driving rig and winch. By running a line over the top of the pile rig and back to the winch, Al was able to lift the boat off the bottom. I timidly asked, "Can you lift all that lead from the mast," and he said, "I built this boat and could probably lift by the rig on dry land."

The next move was to fire up the double-ended workboat that was called *Aqusna*, very similar to the golf balls. This boat had a big bit amidships and was really a miniature yard tug. I believe it had been built by Al's dad in the late '30s. The barge and the 20-footer were moved at high tide to a shoal Al knew about and the boat was left there to wait for a lower tide which would support the boat in such a fashion that Al could pump the water out and float it off to the "ways."

By the end of the day the 20-footer was high and dry on its cradle to give it a few days to dry out. The water that had been driven into the wood by the water pressure came out like a bleeding bruise and blew the paint off in large hand-sized flakes. Al said, "No matter. We'll block her down, re-prime and repaint her, and it shouldn't take more than a day or two." It didn't and it was done by hand. Electric orbital sanders had not been invented yet.

Shortly after this adventure, someone at the club thought that I should have a boat to use and he bought a bent-frame, carvel-planked boat, about 18' with a well for the outboard motor. This was a real boat that I could use to venture over to Lincolnville and pick someone up after ferry hours or even for a trip to Camden or to supervise Junior Races or to use for a club launch. Al rigged up a 15hp motor and it was a jim-dandy setup.

The CCA (Cruise Club of America) Cruise was scheduled to stop at Dark Harbor for an overnight and a grand party was had. Someone, probably the owner of "my boat," decided I could get in less trouble running the motor from the back instead of the forward control position as I picked up all the cruise folks and ferried them ashore.

The pick-up worked OK but the trip back was another thing. They all wanted to go at once and, with darkness and a lot of mass in the boat, it seemed like an aircraft carrier to stop. The maneuvering was further complicated by the fact that the same wrist movement reversed the action of the throttle and steering as I changed hands when changing from looking forward to looking aft to reach for the shift lever. Somehow no boat was sunk, nobody fell in the harbor, and not much damage was done to the sides of those fine yachts. They were not Clorox bottles, but good wooden boats with good maintenance and fine topside appearance.

A little later in the season, a group from Philadelphia arrived with a small hydroplane with a not-so-small Mercury engine. They installed the engine and, after a bit of putting around, asked me if I would like to try it. It looked like a good deal. However, it was the worst event of the season. The thing got out of control and zup... woop... poup... the motor was in the drink. I thought I had some reasonable bearings, but after hiring a diver, the only thing I had was a nice big scallop. This event cost me dearly because any gratuity I might have gotten was directed to the owner of the big green menace.

We were into the first week of August when I got a phone call from a Skaneateles sailor saying he was in Lincolnville and had

The author sailing a very early Sunfish.



12½' boats being towed in after wind left the bay, July 1955.





missed the ferry. He heard I was working there and could he bunk on my floor for a day or two? I picked up Mayo Snyder and he brought enough stuff to tide him over until he could retrieve his Pontiac station wagon from Lincolnville. Mayo had run the sailing program at Skaneateles a few years earlier and he fit in just fine.

Having a car greatly enhanced our social life and we were invited to Clinton Crane's house for drinks to meet some nieces or great-granddaughters. I had no idea or understanding of Mr. Crane's achievements as a naval architect at that time. It turned out to be a wonderful experience and he offered advice on mixing cocktails. Always measure the alcohol you consume. I have followed his advice to this day and it has served me very well.

Mr. Crane told us stories about designing America's Cup defenders and running St. Joseph's Lead Company. I was majoring in geology and mineralogy and got a lot of mileage out of that. He had designed a plywood catamaran and built it with the help of a carpenter, but he couldn't get any of his family to sail it to his satisfaction. Mayo and I made a date with him to give it a try.

On the appointed day it was blowing northwest with some hard puffs. The bay we were sailing in had a small fetch and consequently it was ideal for the catamaran. Mr. Crane had a long motorboat, 35'-45' long and 10' wide, which was styled like a destroyer and painted black. He had a helm station where he could stand and look out the side to observe the cat. Mayo got in one hull and I got in the other. We maneuvered it around for a half hour or so and kind of got the hang of it. The tillers were tied together but the boat was really steered by the guy on the low side. The main sheet led down to one guy and he was either up or down, depending on which reach it was on.

Well, we finally got this craft up on one hull. It broke into a plane and we shot away from the destroyer. Captain Crane was grinning from ear to ear. He couldn't have been happier. We reached back and forth until we were pooped and something gave up under the strain. Captain Crane took some pictures but I never saw them. He had imagined that the boat would plane but no one who had tried it had ever figured out how to do it.

Mayo and I hooked up with a couple of young ladies from the Philadelphia Main Line and we all decided to take a boat trip to Camden late in the day as it was going to be a calm, dry, warm night. We tied up at the town dock in Camden and wandered around until we met up with some others about our age. We later ended up with a group of folks associated with a summer theatre company. A party was in full swing and it was apparently in honor of Sarah Churchill and Butterfly McQueen, the girl who announced "Miss Scarlet, the Yankees are coming" in *Gone With The Wind*. Little did I know that my future wife is a distant cousin of Sarah Churchill through the Jeromes of Pompey, New York, and New York City. (Randolph Churchill married Jenny Jerome and begat Winston, father of Sarah.)

Mayo recalls talking with an Englishman, apparently a pal of cousin Sarah, who claimed to have been a tail gunner in WWII and had his turret shot off the plane. It landed in a mudhole or haystack and he survived.

We finally decided we should make our way back to Ilesboro. The return trip turned

out to be quite dark and very confusing, however, our trusty dory, compass, charts, and failing flashlight carried us safely home. It was a good thing because we had not filed any type of float plan. Islands covered with evergreens look alike in the dark when your recollection is a bit weakened by the hour and the festivities.

The middle of August came along and things were starting to wind down. I got permission to take a road trip with Mayo for a few days. We drove over to the Northeast Harbor area and soaked up boats and boat yards. We rented a boat, went up and down Somes Sound, and took in the sights from Cadillac Mountain. We also visited the Hinckley Yard at Southwest Harbor. We were allowed to wander up on the staging of a Hinckley Pilot under construction. She was constructed of double-planked mahogany and had diagonal brass straps set in between the layered planks. I remember a crew of folks with block planes swarming over the hull, smoothing the planking. There were no power planes or belt sanders used. The belt sander was invented by this time but it was a bear to do good work with. The blocking down sanding crew was on another boat that was further along in construction.

We moved on and spent the night in Orono on the University of Maine campus. We had showers and shaved with the football team. Apparently this was Mayo's standard play, sleep in the station wagon and get cleaned up in the athletic facility. Mayo eventually attended about ten institutions, getting a BA and two MAs. We drove and drove and finally reached Millinocket. We spent the night in the campsite in Baxter State Park, which is at the eastern end of the trail to the top of Mt. Katahdin. Rising early the next day, armed with water and a bunch of PB&J sandwiches, we mounted our attack on the highest point in Maine. It was a real effort, but we made it up and back in one piece. This was quite a feat for two guys who weren't in shape or skilled hikers. Mayo's nickname was "Lard" and, as I said, I was "a big one."

On the way back we stopped and had a tour of the Old Town Canoe Factory which

was very interesting to us. Mayo asked the tour guide (I think he was the marketing manager) if they had ever considered building canoes of fiberglass. The answer was, "Never. It just wouldn't work." How times change. I think most Old Towns are now fiberglass, or Kevlar, or Royalex, and they build just a few special order classic wooden canoes.

By the time we got back to Dark Harbor I had gotten a real sore throat and retreated to my bed. While I was nursing my sore throat, one of my pals brought me a six-pack of Bud, but I wish she had brought me a batch of chicken soup instead.

At the end of the summer, Mayo was asked to accompany Gust on the *Vanitie* to Green Point, Long Island, and I returned home in Mayo's car after Labor Day.

Later in the fall I received an invitation to the wedding of Apple Parish at a Fifth Avenue Church. I had a photographer friend who cropped and enlarged my black and white photo of a Dark Harbor 20 start, then I had it professionally framed for a wedding present. It sure was a wonderful reception, but the receiving line was so long that the waiters came out and gave us all champagne while we waited on the sidewalk.

In summary, it was a wonderful summer during which I learned a ton of nautical stuff and really got hooked on boats for life. The atmosphere at Dark Harbor was great and I was treated as if I was any one of the young people there for the summer. Everyone was treated well and it didn't matter whether you were a poor cousin or a prime gold plater. I suggest that this type of atmosphere may not exist anywhere today.

I was invited back, but had to refuse, as I had to spend the next summer making up credits so that I could eventually get out of Columbia. It turned out to be a good summer of geology field camps and, incredibly, while sitting on a bar stool in West Yellowstone Mountain I heard someone order a Dubonnet, which was all the rage at Dark Harbor. I looked up the bar and there was Ethan Emory, one of the Henry Dana Gibson clan from 700 Acre Island. We had a grand reunion 2,500 miles away from last summer.

Taratine Yacht Club, Ilesboro, Maine, 1955. (Note the cozy house for the sailing instructor at the end of the dock.)



# Typhoon In the Bahamas!

By Wilson Massey Barnes  
Submitted by George Shipman

"Where should I put this black bag?" B.J. called. She was waging war on the chaos in the tiny cabin, determined to impose order before dark. We had just anchored off Dinner Key for our first night aboard. Tomorrow, the Bahamas!

"What black bag?" I had no black bag.

"The one with all the cameras. Lenses, that stuff."

Cameras? Lenses? B. and I interrupted our struggle with the awning to peer with big eyes, B.J. impatiently displayed a black satchel packed with what looked like a fortune in gleaming photographic equipment. I had never seen it before.

Thus our precisely-scheduled trip to the Bahamas suffered its first delay. At dawn the next morning we sailed back into the inner harbor and phoned our friends to come down and fetch their cameras. B. had picked up the black bag when we'd left their house, thinking it was mine. Would that it had been!

We were three: B. and B. J., a couple, sailing neophytes, eager to see if reality would equal their dream of cruising. Myself, the bearded and grizzled Skipper, sea-wise, weather-wise, boat-wise, or so I hoped to appear. Our goal was Lisbon Creek, in South Bight, on the weather side of Andros Island. There B. and B.J. would join the *Effie Campbell*, a 53' sharpie schooner, as crew for the summer. *Little Stone* and I would make the return trip alone.

*Little Stone* is a stock Alberg Typhoon, as strong and frisky as a healthy puppy, anxious to play in any wind and sea. She's almost 19" on deck, only 14' at her shapely waterline. Of her total weight, 900lbs is solid lead nestled at the bottom of her fixed keel. Her working sails measure 160sf and she handles so easily that an engine would be an insult.

The brochure boasts of accommodations for four. Possible, if none of the four come burdened with more than a toothbrush. There were only the three of us but we had embarked with food and water for ten days, a mountain of "essentials" and a substantial cargo of fresh vegetables, eggs, and state-side treats for the crew of the *Effie Campbell*. Only B.J.'s genius at stowing lent hope that we might all three fit below, simultaneously, should the weather require it.

When we cleared Biscayne Bay at noon, close-hauled against the SE wind, none of us wanted to shelter below. Bright June sun, clear blue water, and the fresh breeze kept all hands in the cockpit confidently anticipating our first challenge, the Gulf Stream.

This powerful ocean river flows northward at a rate half as great as we could make across its surface, we knew we'd be set north. Our first task was to cross the 50-odd miles to the shallow water of the Great Bahama Bank, gaining this objective as far to the south as possible. We hoped for Gun Cay at least. We'd approach the Bank in darkness, when the lights on one of the low-lying cays would give us a fix and a certain landfall.

In mid-afternoon B.J. sighted a vessel coming toward us from ahead. She was a sloop of about 35', powering without sail and rolling horribly. A gam at sea with one of our own! The crew of *Little Stone* clustered at the rail in anticipation. The helmsman of the approaching vessel fought his wheel against the vicious roll. His bright yellow foul-weather gear contrasted colorfully with the deep blue of the sea and the clear sky above.

"Where's Fort Lauderdale?" he shouted.

"There!" we replied, waving grandly

toward the west, and he was past us, rolling and plunging on his way. Smugly I ridiculed his crude approach to the fine art of navigation. How I would later regret my words!

An hour before midnight we sighted the aero beacon on Bimini, signaling methodically with its Morse "B" and bearing due east. So much for Gun Cay, which lay ten impossible miles south. We fought for the rest of the night against wind and current and finally lightning-punctuated squalls, striving for Bimini as the Stream tried to sweep us north. *Little Stone* hung on tenaciously and finally won, we anchored off the north beach of the island at 0600.

We cooked, ate slept, and spent the day cowering under the awning or sheltering below from frequent downpours. Our spirits contrasted to the dismal weather, however, this was Bahamas rain!

Next morning the rain was lighter and the SE wind seemed steady enough. I sagely considered these signs and, somewhat to the surprise of my crew, announced that we'd make sail. Destination, Andros! Our check point enroute would be the marker on Mackie Bank, about halfway across. We set our course for this. Bimini soon disappeared astern in the haze and rain.

The Mackie Bank beacon obstinately eluded us, and when our dead reckoning put us well to the SE of it I decided that we'd heave-to for the night. No sense in risking the shallow water around Joulter's Cays in the dark, I pontificated. Thus we spent the night barely creeping eastward with jib aback and helm lashed down.

Before dawn the wind began to moan through the rigging, then it whistled, then it shrieked. First light showed that the chop of the day before had grown into waves, liberally decorated with whitecaps. To the three of us crouched in the cockpit of the 14' LWL *Little Stone*, the seas seemed mountainous. B. and B.J. showed signs that their new-found dedication to small-boat sailing was weakening.

"Good fresh sailing breeze," I announced. "Think we might tie in a reef," I said, and we did. When we sheeted the jib to the lee winch, *Little Stone* took off like a shot. So literally did she take off, becoming airborne each time she leaped from a wave top, that the Skipper feared for the integrity of the hull and hove-to again almost at once. "Perhaps we should wait till things ease off a bit," I decided.

B.J. appeared from below, hands dripping with runny festoons of broken eggs, victims of the last crash. We buried them at sea. The wind continued to increase, we soon had all sail off and lay ahull.

We developed an intense interest in radio Nassau's comments on the weather. "Eight to 12 knots, seas slight," they reported casually. We huddled below, vying for the most derisive comment. Nassau was less than 50 miles away. The morning wore on, the wind continued to scream at us, the seas mounted, the air below thickened. *Little Stone* seemed very small. Finally radio Nassau looked outside at the real world and revised their report to "17 to 34 knots, seas

rough, small craft observe caution."

An hour passed, then two, the wind did not abate. As always in such conditions, the irrational certainty developed that the wind would never abate. I wondered what we might do. "Maybe," I announced, "she'll reach with just the jib. At least we could make some progress to the east."

We hoisted the jib and set off gingerly, sheet well eased. *Little Stone* behaved docilely, happy to be under way again. Little by little I hardened in the sheet and brought her closer to the wind. Soon we were sailing fast, on a very close reach, with slight weather helm, not overpowered at all. The black mood of the morning vanished, our destiny was again in our own hands! Toward evening the wind eased and the seas diminished, the bottom, seen vaguely over the side, came closer to the keel and it began to drizzle rain.

"Land!" B. shouted. "Look! There's an island!" Sure enough, off to port was a low smudge, discernibly darker against the horizon.

"Must be one of the Joulter's Cays," I surmised. I couldn't, however, see how we could be south of any of them. At first we raced with nightfall, then a rapidly approaching squall challenged us. The squall won and sizzled the water as we fought sails down and let go the anchor. By the time the rain had eased, the water was flat and darkness had swallowed our island. We retreated into the cabin to await the next day.

Mindful of the dangers of sailing without adequate light in these reef-strewn waters, we stayed at anchor another overcast day and night, then, convinced in spite of a lack of corroboration from our chart, that we lay somewhere amongst Joulter's Cays, we made sail and headed south for Andros. Intermittent sun foretold an improvement in the weather. In early afternoon we approached a larger island to the south. This undeniable body of land defied identification with anything on the chart.

We spotted an anchored vessel and altered course to make for her. Before we'd gotten within hailing distance, however, an interesting phenomenon to the east attracted our attention, a strange pattern of disturbed water beckoned, bridging the gap between the large island to the south and another to the east. We hardened sheets to examine this mystery at closer range. When we'd gotten close enough to see what caused the disturbance it was too late. Amid frantic cries of "Ready About!" "Hard Alee!" "Ease Sheets!" and "Oh, damn!" we were carried helplessly, stern-first, out through the passage into deep water. The crew of the other yacht gazed transfixed at this unusual display of seamanship.

From the depth of the water even we could tell that we'd been carried by the ebbing tide off the Bank and out into the Tongue of the Ocean. We headed south, paralleling the shore of the large island, studying the chart and generating hypotheses in profusion, while scanning the horizon ahead for a sign of Andros.

Then B.J. announced, "A yacht!"

"No," B. corrected, "it's a fishing boat."

"Whatever," I muttered, desperate, and altered course to head for her. It was indeed a fishing vessel. A large Bahamian stood on the foredeck, his work interrupted as he watched us approach. I, too, stood on the foredeck, steeling myself against the coming reaction from the cockpit, and called, "What island is that?" Titters from aft obscured his



reply and I had to ask again.

"Whale Cay, mon," our fisherman called, with extended arm. Then, swinging southward, "That's Little Whale Cay. You're in the Berry's, Mon." The Berry Islands!

"The art and science of navigation," I lectured as we sailed in to the anchorage behind Little Whale Cay, "requires that one make use of all available information, from whatever source." B. said something about "Fort Lauderdale," I pretended not to hear.

We slept well that night, relieved at finally knowing where we were. In the morning we sailed the few miles to Chub Cay to clear customs and water ship, then we set off down the Tongue of the Ocean for South Bight and Lisbon Creek. Radio Nassau promised a north wind and so it was. It proved frustratingly light for running, however, the relative wind was almost nil. Late in the afternoon a long roll of black cloud developed ahead in the south.

"Might be some wind in that," I warned. "We'll shorten sail." Jib replaced genoa. The cloud became more ominous as it approached. "Let's get the main down," I decided. "Just a squall, won't last long." Three hours later we were still bashing into a fierce wind and ever-mounting rollers from the south. The sun had long since forsaken us, only white crests were visible, rushing down on us out of the darkness. We had 50 miles to go, an honest appraisal of our creeping progress made the lee behind Morgan's Bluff at the north end of Andros an attractive alternative. We jibed around and reached off to the WNW, sailing fast across seas that hissed hungrily up under our quarter and then, frustrated by *Little Stone's* confident buoyancy, ran sullenly away to leeward.

The chart emphasized what we all knew, the east coast of Andros is guarded by one of the longest and most continuous barrier reefs in the world. Only a few intricate passes, well-guarded by razor-sharp coral, allow access to the sheltered water we yearned for. By 11:00 we had sighted lights from Nichols Town, south of Morgan's Bluff, soon we could identify the range lights marking the passage into the inshore channel. The easier passage at the Bluff itself was unlit, we could not distinguish the end of the land in the blackness. Neither avenue of escape looked feasible in the darkness and with the wind we had behind us. We approached as closely as we dared, searching for a decision. Finally the Skipper made the only one possible.

"We'll jibe around to starboard tack and lie-to 'til morning." All hands were disappointed at the prospect of a night in the tumbling seas while a sheltered anchorage lay so close downwind. The night was long and marked the nadir of B. and B.J.'s enthusiasm for sailing. At first light we got the jib up and ran in through the reef to anchor behind the bulk of Morgan's Bluff. The cessation of motion was wonderful.

The next days were delightful. *Little Stone* was at her best, going to weather in the sheltered water inside the reef. Scattered coral heads and patches of reef were easily avoided in the clear water and we made Fresh Creek, 35 miles down the coast, the first day. The anchorage lies several hundred yards inshore from the mouth of the Creek. We sailed in downwind against the outflowing current, inching past the anchored boats ever more slowly as the surrounding land blocked the wind. Finally we achieved equilibrium, still sailing through the water, but

motionless with respect to the nearby shore and anchored boats. "Let go the anchor!" and B. complied.

"Drop the jib!" and B.J. cast off the halyard. Those on the surrounding vessels sat under their awnings, sipping drinks, and watched with interest to see what would happen next. "Let go the main halyard!" rang across the basin. This was done smartly. Unfortunately *Little Stone* was still headed downwind and the main, instead of dropping, was freed to indulge its long-frustrated affection for the mast and standing rigging and proceeded to convolute itself intimately around all of them. Frightened, the hull sheered wildly, charging first for the rocky shore, then, snubbed by the anchor rode, tacking and going aggressively for our neighbors. We clawed and cursed, our spectators sipped and watched, grateful for the cocktail-hour entertainment.

"This illustrates," I pointed out later, "there's always something new to learn about sailing. Obviously we should have anchored by the stern." B. vowed to look it up in Hiscock at first opportunity. After dark the mosquitoes came in countless ravenous billions. We thrashed and slapped and listened all night to the drone of air conditioners from the other yachts.

We were away early the next morning, beating south inside the reef. Mid-afternoon brought a threatening squall and we hurried in to shelter at anchor behind Salvador Point. Then the rain was upon us, blowing in cold grey sheets across the water. B.J. availed herself of the opportunity for a freshwater bath and cavorted happily in the cockpit with a bottle of JOY, reveling in her squeaky-clean superiority. B. and I hunkered in the stuffy cabin, unable to face the wind-driven chill of the rain. She wormed herself below, toweling fiercely, we capitalized on her exhilaration by proposing that we investigate the source of the miasmic vapor that had permeated the below decks.

Thus we discovered the fate of our cargo. Cabbages and cucumbers, potatoes, dozens of magnificent eggs, and several pounds of margarine had coalesced in the constant heat and motion into an amorphous slurry which all but bubbled. We consigned everything to the sea with scant thought to the impaired quality of *Effie Campbell's* dining table.

Finally victorious, after ten days and 200 miles to weather, we rounded the last point into Lisbon Creek. And there lay the *Effie Campbell*, a quarter-mile up river, state-ly and welcoming. We saw her captain and crew enroute from shore in their dinghy. They spotted us and waved. We waved back, enthusiastically. The *Effie Campbell's* skipper stood, precariously, and waved again. We returned his gesture with interest. Our welcomer waved, frantically, pointed at the water, and waved again. We waved wildly, finally we looked at the water ahead and quickly put the helm up and eased sheets. We'd almost sailed full-tilt into the edge of the channel, beyond which lay water less than a foot deep at that state of the tide.

When you find your boat too small, here's a low cost cure. Spend ten days on board, at least half in rainy weather, with three times her normal crew. When they move off your vessel will undergo a miraculous transformation, becoming spacious beyond your wildest dreams.

So it was when B. and B.J. transferred their allegiance and belongings to the *Effie*

*Campbell*. I had room enough to hold a dance. *Little Stone* and I spent a lazy week at Lisbon Creek, then bid farewell to old friends afloat and new ones ashore and headed for home. I felt rich as a king with the wind aft at last, three days of perfect sails took us back up the east coast to Morgan's Bluff. Here I stocked up on sleep, then set out for Miami non-stop. Thirty-six hours later I anchored south of Key Biscayne at dusk, dog tired.

Early the next morning we sailed in to Dinner Key, tied up at the dinghy dock, and phoned customs. After an hour's wait I phoned again, the official hadn't been able to find us! Perhaps he'd mistaken *Little Stone* for a dinghy. I waited all morning for high tide before attempting to get her on the trailer for the long trip home. She refused to cooperate and twisted herself out of position time after time while I ran from trailer to driver's seat and back down the slippery ramp to the trailer again. She seemed rebelliously reluctant to leave the sea.

Perhaps she was. For it wasn't until I promised that next year we'd go back, perhaps to the Exumas, that she settled down and nestled herself into her cradle, resigned for the present to be just a lake-bound boat again.

(Wilson Barnes, born and raised in Miami, Florida, in the '30s and '40s, loved being on the water. He took up sailing while in California where he bought, and learned to sail in, a Chinese junk. He then bought a 35' double ended Atkins ketch called *Free Flight* and made plans for a life on the water.

He left California for Florida sailing via the Galapagos Islands and the Panama Canal. In the '60s he sailed a 35' Piver trimaran across the Atlantic from Gibraltar to the Virgin Islands. Settling in St. Petersburg, he was Sailing Master and Regatta Coordinator for the St. Petersburg Yacht Club for many years, sharing his love of boats and sailing with generations of young people and fellow sailors. Wilson passed away in 2002.)

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After the excitement of Christmas and the New Year, one begins to think of spring, while knowing in one's heart that it is many a long dreary day over the horizon. Ah, but then you think, the sun is shining in Baja and the geezers are parked under the palms soaking it up. Time to head south.

Since there is no planning or paperwork involved, one could just pick up and go. However, inertia takes ahold. The sun doesn't crawl over the Mesa until mid-morning, and drops behind the Uncompaghe while productive citizens are still in their comfy cubicles. What is needed is some impetus to get the wheels turning. In the instant case, it was the Four Corners Agricultural Fair in Cortez. It looked an interesting affair and right on our way.

So in early March, with the *prix d'essence* reacting for continental levels, we loaded up the little Tracker while the Dakota looked on enviously. You may recall that last year we brought Arizona days of rain and flooding. This year we set off under lowering clouds. We awoke next morn in Dove Creek to find 4" of snow and the wind howling.

The fair featured fine agricultural mud and the shiny new tractors sat forlornly watching the people scurry sloshily between buildings. We packed it in down on the reservation and awoke next morning to the same old *deja vu*.

The four-lane was down to single tracks as we climbed the hill into Flagstaff and that night, safely down among the saguaros, we watched the TV man, knee deep, reporting incredulously from Flagstaff. We had done it again!

Having crossed the Colorado to Blythe in search of a motel, we set off down the west side of the river on Rt. 78. After jogging around numerous large green squares of alfalfa, we found ourselves close to the river and stopped at the Cabala Wildlife Refuge for a look. There was a paved ramp marked by an aid to navigation. Checking the pleasant little campground and the sign-in station we found, amongst other information, a very detailed explanation of how charges were to be assessed. If one were to arrive on Day 1 and spend the night, leaving on Day 2, one would be liable for two day's charges. The reasoning was impeccable since one had been there two days by the calendar. Just in case the point had not been made, there followed a chart showing the charge for any stay of up to a week. In other words, nights plus one times daily charge.

Reminds me of my time with Uncle Sam when, according to the OD, I returned

## The End of the Road

By Jim Thayer

from leave a day late. A notice soon went round explaining how to figure leave days.

In Yuma we chanced upon a most interesting museum featuring tons of old photographs chronicling the development of irrigation, the first attempt to tame the Colorado, and the subsequent creation of the Salton Sea.

Last summer at the Collbran Library book sale I had picked up one of those old timey novels, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, which was based on the above historical events. On the frontispiece was a Christmas time inscription to a child who was, in her old age, my daughter's kindergarten teacher. It is a link to the past for my granddaughter.

After a night in Yuma it was time to begin our expedition proper. For years while rattling (literally) around Baja and Sonora, I kept noticing a little town, Golfo de Santa Clara, at the end of the road, near the Gulf, on the east side. I had never heard nor read anything of the place which enhanced it's powerful "end of the road" appeal. It would doubtless have some kind of launch facility which would allow exploration of the mysterious Colorado Delta. We hadn't so much as a rubber ducky, so this trip was strictly reconnaissance.

I had noted previously in *MAIB* a couple of notes from Georgia Tanner which suggested a familiarity with the Delta country. A query brought a reply disclaiming much knowledge of the area but offered some helpful leads nonetheless. A book, *Salt Dreams*, by William Debuys, makes mention of the "Mexican Amazon" and talks of lagoons along the Rio Hardy. A subsequent note suggests *Red Delta, Fighting for Life at the End of the Colorado River*, by Charles Bergman, Fulcrum Publishers. Georgia is one of that inestimable group, the Scuzzbums.

Google Earth is pretty fuzzy on the Delta and, short of buying a chart, it's tough to get a feel for the place. I have seen photos of a canoe trip on the Cienega Santa Clara, a salty irrigation wastewater drain on the east side of the Delta. Years ago I read an old account of a boat trip up the Colorado from the Gulf wherein they were terrorized by a tidal bore. The tides at the head of the Sea of Cortez are rather considerable.

Just north from Golfo de Santa Clara is the estuary of the Colorado with one small branch and two main ones. These branches encircle two islands, Isla Pelicano, about

2km long and the much larger Isla Montague, about 18km long. So one would have some kind of shelter about 10km north of the launch.

San Luis Rio Colorado is not much of a tourist crossing so there is none of the usual infrastructure of insurance offices and money changers. Having elected the Tracker on the spur of the moment, we had no insurance. Our goal being only about 50 miles over the border, we may not have needed any coverage. However, we spotted an Allstate sign and picked up three days at a reasonable cost.

First order of business was to pick up some pills, which would pay the gas bill were one to rationalize the trip. With only one stop for directions we were soon in the trackless desert, well, except for our well-paved highway.

There is only sparse bush as the impervious soil does not support lush vegetation as do the volcanics just eastward. The only settlement is El Rilito where there is a railroad station and an Army checkpoint. Every so often there is a concrete box promising "Agua" but offering only trash. They may be filled in the summer, but I doubt it. There are a few side roads leading off towards the Gulf which is occasionally visible in the distance. There are places where one could get off to camp but caution is advised, especially with two-wheel drive.

Some way north of Golfo, just before one drops down off the bluff, one sees extensive dikes which enclose what must be salt pans. They appear to be under construction, but then again, they seem to have a certain age. Probably another project died aborning.

About two-thirds of the way down there is a cluster of weird buildings belonging to some sort of semi-official environmental cultural heritage outfit. They are either abandoned or very poorly maintained. Yet again another example of inspired conception and flawed execution.

Finally we arrive at Golfo de Santa Clara, quite a lot larger than I had imagined. We took an ocean front room at the small hotel in the center of town right on the beach. Nothing fancy but quite good enough by our standards. We immediately set out to check the boats and the beach. I made a quick preliminary survey of the scene but, as events played out, never got to do a proper study.

The boats, all possibly from the same mold, are about 25' long with maybe 7' of beam and quite flat bottomed. A 70 horse Yamaha seems to be standard. The boats are transported and launched with a low slung, unsprung trailer with pipe rollers on about 16"

Fishing boats on beach at Golfo de Santa Clara.



Bow detail. Note: no eye.







A typical boat. Very fine aft with planing fins.



Lowslung pickup/transport/launching trailer.

centers. The tilting loading ramp has three or four of the same. There is a high, tire padded frame at the front to take the bow. There is no bow eye. The tow trucks have a framework in the pickup bed which, I assume, leads a line to a point on the bow deck.

Nothing seemed to be doing at the beach so we set off to explore. There are a couple of small trailer parks at the south end of town that were nearly empty. The only activity seemed to be few kids riding four-wheelers on the beach. Heading east, we passed a large seafood plant and stopped to look at the cemetery.

Past the graveyard the road headed up a valley and traversed a couple of miles of city dump, eventually gaining the top of the bluff where it disappeared eastward. Reports that the road went clear to Puerto Penasco were validated by a certain amount of traffic that had nowhere else to go. A sign in town heralded a new road to P.P. and the hotel man said it was due to open in November. Such a road would be a nice shortcut for Californians and the development in P.P. must be pushing the project.

After a good supper with a Negro Modelo at the hotel dining room, we hit the hay. Golfo would appear to be innocent of any nightlife but, admittedly, I'm no judge of such things.

Morning found us gazing out the window at the water about a quarter mile off.

There appeared a pickup towing a low slung trailer with boat. He swung around at water's edge and, barely pausing, came back with empty trailer. In a few minutes he was back with another one. We had seen boats all over town and assumed that they were laid up but apparently they work from home.

As he came back again we were headed for the car, resolved to follow and watch the operation. Alas, the left front was flat! In my haste I managed to break the spare cover right in half thus rendering the Tracker (Chevy, Suzuki) henceforth anonymous.

With the wheel up and all the bolts out (yep, all out) the wheel wouldn't budge. Prying with the wrench and a big screwdriver were of no avail. Several bystanders got the same result. I noticed a solid cement block lying nearby and, being somewhat out of sorts, gave the wheel several jolts of Yankee ingenuity, which did the job. A patch cost three bucks. Nunca hay problema con llantas en Mexico.


By this time the launching was probably over and, in any case, our focus had shifted. A couple of blocks north we found the Dolphin restaurant where a plate of huevos rancheros brightened my outlook considerably.

Thinking, I forget why, we had to get home, we headed north, regrettably passing up all the roads leading off to the Gulf. The soldiers at the checkpoint needed catsup but we hadn't so much as a McDonald's baggie.

We wandered up the east side of the river, which reminds me, using very delicate instruments they have recently measured infinitesimal perturbations of the earth's rotation due to the annual migration of motorhomes and trailers to southern Arizona.


Just above Parker Dam on the east side is a spot of particular interest. There is a picnic ground, a free launch ramp with parking for several days, and long term parking at 50 yards or so. It's all free and no prohibition against truck camping that I saw. The considerable expanse of clear blue water was sullied only by a pontoon boat and a small runabout. It looks like a winner and I'm putting it on my "heading south" list.


There were dirty snow piles in the parking lots of Williams and Flagstaff but the road was clear, the sun was gaining, and there was hope for spring. The little Tracker, a four banger automatic, made a shade under 26mpg for the 2,206 miles for an out of pocket cost 10 cents per mile plus that fire. It was a fine trip. Why is it so hard to get started?



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Pearly Gates always got the worst crew, the worst whaleboat, the worst harpooner, and now he had the damndest mess he'd ever bloody well seen. He'd heard stories of white whales and the poor luck they brought but Conway, the stupid fool, drove his harpoon into a white calf whose mother was lurking below.

"I didn't know," Conway whined, smiling just the same.

"You're drunk, damn ye to hell," Pearly grumbled, heaving his oar to move them away from the tail. He may be a calf but he could bust them to bits with one hard flip of his flukes.

"He always drunk," Micky Burger said brightly.

"She's coming back to et us, ain't she, Mister Gates?" Will Biddle demanded in his frantic falsetto. "She goin' down to talk ta the devil and then she's comin' back and gonna et us. Ain't that so, Mister Gates?"

Pearly didn't bother to answer Will Biddle because it didn't do any damned good. Will was a worrier with a brain the size of a periwinkle. He could think of only one small thing at a time and it was usually a worry of some sort.

The reason Pearly got the worst of everything was he was the oldest boatsteerer on the ship and way past his prime. He had no business being a boatsteerer on a whale-ship. He could drop dead during a chase. He was 68 and looked every minute of it. He felt even older and every ten minutes or so he had to pee. But Mister Gates had beautiful teeth that he carved himself from ivory of a sperm whale's tooth. On each of his eye teeth Pearly carved a naked mermaid.

Wasn't anyone better at scrimshaw on that ship than Pearly Gates, who ended up getting called Pearly because of those lovely teeth and his lovely mermaids. They were whale-tooth dentures, set in lead gums by a New Bedford dentist, teeth that would no doubt outlive Pearly and be of value to someone else by-and-by.

"Well, whatahwedo, Mr. Gates?" Conway whined, raising his lance to rip out the calf's young heart. "We can't let her go, Pearly. Hell, we ain't got no whales. We need sumpin, ain't we, skip?"

"Hell's fire," Biddle yelled. "Let her go. We'll bake in hell, if'n we take that white whale. How come you stuck her, Conway, you dumb SOB?"

Conway turned indignantly. Being called dumb by Biddle was a special affront. "I didn't mean to, Biddle. I warn't aiming for her. I were aiming for her mama and she just took a lurch the last minute, thea, and dived."

Biddle chuckled. "Hell, you ain't no harpooner..."

Pearly had a raging headache and couldn't make up his mind what they ought to do. Conway and Biddle kept up the bickering and wouldn't shut up. Captain Hallet would not be pleased if they cut that whale loose. They'd been to sea four months and didn't have a single damned whale, big, small, or otherwise. Captain Hallet was a smart man and sure as hell didn't think a white whale was part devil. Hell's fire, Pearly didn't even go that far in his thinking. Maybe a little bad luck, but it beat starvation.

"Take her with your blade, Mister Conway," Pearly barked boldly.

"By Jesus in heaven, no," Biddle screamed, grabbing the butt of Conway's lance. "We'll fry in hell."

## Pearley's Mermaids

Fiction by Peter Owens

"I say we don't," Frank Mackie rumbled in his deep baritone. Mackie didn't say much ever, so this was a surprise.

"Let 'em go," muttered Mickey Berger, "Or his ma goin' to et us."

"You think we're gonna take a vote on this?" Pearly demanded.

"Why the hell not?" Biddle exclaimed. "Suah. Let's vote. All those in favor of lettin' that whale go, say aye." A chorus of ayes.

"Those agin, say nay." Silence.

"I said take her now, Conway," Pearly grumbled. Conway let Biddle wrestle the lance out of his hands. Biddle tossed it overboard and puffed out his lower lip in a stubborn scowl. And at that moment the white whale curled and dove straight down... line hummed out of the harpoon tub.

"Cleat that line, Conway, and douse her, Mr. Biddle," Pearly barked. But the boys were confused and moved slowly. They'd voted to let the whale go and now she was well gone, Biddle lifting the hatchet to cut her loose, coming down hard and slashing the line, the old tub shattering, coils of rope spilling into a tangled ball onto the floor planks.

"Thar," Biddle declared. "She's gone."

Pearly slumped tiredly onto the stern deck and gazed out toward the whale ship a half mile distant. As he was pondering how to tell the captain his boys defied orders, the ocean erupted with an immense heave, the whaleboat shattering and flinging them upward, Pearly suddenly laid out prone on the mama whale's snout as she sounded.

Conway screamed as the whale's huge jaws crushed him and Pearly grasped her snout desperately as her jaws crunched his ankle and leg. All about nails squealed and planks shattered as the whale rose into the sky before falling back with a thunderous splash and, as she turned to dive, her great tail fluke bashed down upon the battered boat with thudding splash.

Pearly hugged the rudder, torn from her stern post, and was heaved by the whale's great wave. Pearly couldn't swim so his first instinct was to hold tight to that rudder despite horrible stabs of pain from his battered and bleeding leg. He finally turned and saw Biddle and Burger drift away with the waves, splashing desperately before a swell broke over his face. He gasped and spit, clawing to hang on.

And when he next could look for his crew, all was heaving swells and licks of breaking waves. The boys were gone, shards of planking and shattered ribs piercing the waves, the mast and sail drifting quickly out of reach, a strange bubble of canvas hissing and spitting as if with contempt at Pearly's doomed crew. Another wave soon broke over Pearly's head, knocking his face hard into the rudder and jarring his teeth loose. Pearly's mermaids skittered across the gleaming wetted wood and plopped into the sea, sinking rapidly into oblivion.

Pearly awoke choking on rum as Captain Hallet prepared to amputate. "I suggest you stop your spitting and drink, Mr. Gates. This is going to sting a little. I got to take this off above the knee," Captain Hallett said calmly. The captain had tied off Pearly's thigh to stanch the bleeding. He poured more rum

down Pearly's throat and then sprinkled it over his leg where he planned to set the saw.

"Lost your choppers, Mr. Gates?"

Pearly gasped and swallowed the fiery rum, sucking it down now like a fire-eating swordsman.

"I'm sorry about your crew, Mr. Gates, but I have to say that was the sorriest display of whaling I ever witnessed. The boys quit on you, hey?" the captain asked, pouring more rum down Pearly's blazing throat.

When the captain applied the saw to flesh, Pearly fainted and for the next few minutes his mind twirled and twisted in a series of swoons and strange dreams. He found himself again embracing the snout of the great whale, listening as she chewed his boat and crew with a sound akin to chomping hardtack biscuits, but this time she simply hung there as if she had legs and were standing on the bottom enjoying her meal. He gazed down at her immense jaws where Pearly's long-dead brother Beasley was straddled, smiling oddly up at Pearly. Then his swoon changed to a wildly revolving room where Pearly's five sisters circled, gazing down at him in a cradle, all of them smiling and waving as Pearly sank into a deepening whirlpool.

Pearly woke up and passed out many times, then slept through the day and night waking to the pretty young face of the captain's wife tending his wound with a drip of alcohol, lemon juice, and slivers of willow bark. The wound was wrapped tightly in tiny supple willow branches and throbbled fiercely.

"Good morning, Mr. Gates," she said brightly. "You drink this," and she helped him pour down a bitter brine laced with rum. Pearly wondered if this were heaven, if he were dead now and trying to heal up on the other side. He knew the captain had had several wives taken in childbirth, so maybe he was in heaven and this were an angel of the deceased. But as his mind cleared he remembered the captain's new bride strolling on the aft deck, always covered with a shawl, hiding her beauty from the envious crew. Yes, this was the new bride, young and fresh and ever so modest. So this was not heaven, most probably, but more likely the final days to gangrene, delirium, and death, Pearly thought.

"You are recovering wonderfully, Mr. Gates," she said the next morning, and indeed the throbbing had abated to a tolerable series of thuds. He could now concentrate his gaze on her smooth, white neck and the gentle curve of her chin as she leaned over him to check the wound. She was indeed an angel, and to prolong these visits Pearly would have given up his other leg.

Later the captain visited with a sharp knife, chunks of whale cartilage, a lower rib, and a whale's tooth. "It looks to be you'll live a while, Mr. Gates, so you'd best carve some new teeth and a new leg. I wouldn't want you to go to waste laying in here gazing upon my lovely wife."

"Aye, sir," Pearly said. "Lovely she is and a good nurse, for certain, too."

"An angel, she is," the captain mused.

"Aye, sir. I was certain she was just such when I first woke up, an angel from heaven, sir, come to visit me deathbed."

"Best you get to carving, Mr. Gates. This life is not done with you just yet."

"Aye, sir. Thank you." Pearly started with the teeth, carving the gums from cartilage, testing them over and over until they fit snugly. He then fashioned rows of teeth from the whale's own pearly whites, carving them





with a screw thread that he fastened to the gums. The last two teeth, the eye teeth, were the greatest challenge, mermaids, yes, but with faces reflecting the left and right profile of the captain's wife.

As the days passed the stub on Pearly's leg healed over and each day he rubbed it vigorously to toughen it. He carved a leg, complete with muscles, a kneecap, an ankle that flexed, a foot with toes and toenails. He carved hundreds of little hairs along the leg and on its muscular calf he carved an underwater garden with a cave guarded by stone lions, and above the cave's door he wrote Pearly's Mermaids.

By now Pearly was busy helping the crew. He carved blocks of blubber into thin sheets whalers called Bible leaves that they cooked in try pots until the oil separated. Each day he wore his new leg a bit longer, the stub toughening each hour. Ever since the calamity with the white whale, their ship enjoyed the best luck of any journey Pearly could remember. Soon their hold was heavy with hundreds of swollen casks and one September day, as they hauled in yet another monster bull whale, the captain set sail for home.

Pearly took care all this time not to smile for fear someone would recognize the captain's wife's lovely visage atop his bare-breasted mermaids on his new eye teeth. In an ebullient mood this fine day, the captain helped the crew try this final whale. He gave out extra grog and poured his officers glasses of pure rum.

Pearly worked feverishly slicing blubber Bible leaves, relieved that soon he would be home, never to sail again. They all knew this was Pearly's final voyage and Captain Hallet

called the crew to order to offer toasts and rum to crewmen who had distinguished themselves on this voyage; whalespotters, harpooners, boatsteerers, the ship's cook, and finally Pearly, the "bravest man of the lot. And the best carver to boot," the captain yelled.

"Let's see those new mermaids Pearly," the captain bellowed. The men cheered. "Give us a big grin, Pearly Gates," the captain roared. "Show us your lovely ladies."

Pearly grinned sheepishly, and the men lifted him and passed him forward for his mug of pure rum, his new leg gleaming in the afternoon light, his hinged ankle flopping as the crew heaved him forward. The crew delivered him to the foredeck, lifting him up to the captain and the top mates who poured the rum. "Give us a grin, Mr. Gates," the captain laughed, draping his arm over Pearly's shoulder and holding his other hand below Pearly's chin as though to present Pearly's mermaids for all to see.

Pearly smiled wanly and the men cheered. Master Clough, the first mate, looked closely and for a moment froze in horror at the image of the captain's lovely wife on Pearly's upper dogteeth. She was unmistakable to any man who had seen her close and free of bonnet. A remarkable likeness, Clough worried, good enough for the captain to shoot Gates dead.

"Drink up, Mr. Gates," Clough barked, handing Pearly his mug and hurriedly pushing him down toward the crew as the captain leaned and tried to peer closely at Pearly's splendid teeth.

"And a cheer for our captain, hey, boys?" Master Clough shouted, raising his mug, pushing Pearly into the crew with his foot.

The men cheered, and the captain stood tall and bowed his head in thanks.

On the journey home Pearly did his best to lay low, hoping the captain had forgotten about his teeth.

"I would slit your throat," Master Clough told Pearly. "Cain't you just pull them out and toss 'em?"

"Oh, nossir. I could never. Please, sir. Don't make me. Please," Pearly pleaded.

"Then lay low, Pearly, you old fool."

Pearly nearly made it to shore without seeing the captain. They eased into the New Bedford wharves where the longshoreman would offload the swollen casks of precious oil. Pearly hurried up the gang plank, his sea chest strung over his shoulder, his foot flopping loudly as he took his last steps away from a life at sea.

"Mr. Gates," the captain shouted from the helm.

"Aye, sir," Gates called back nervously.

"My wife insisted that I extend her best wishes. She won't forget you."

"Nor will I forget her, sir. Her great kindness, sir," Pearly blurted.

"I shall tell her. Take care, then, Mr. Gates."

"Aye, sir," Pearly waved and smiled, his lips oddly enveloped over his splendid mermaids. He strode onto dry land, his whaling life complete, his happiness assured with every smile in the mirror.

(Peter Owens is the author of *Rips*, a nautical historical novel, and a widely published professional writer. The photos depicting Pearly and his crew are ceramic sculptures by the author).



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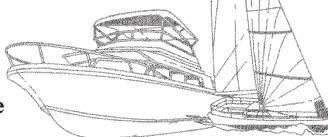
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Our trip to the Bahamas was full of both the best and the worst experiences. The seasickness of the trip was forgotten in the wonder of seeing new things. The turquoise and pink houses made us feel as if we'd stepped into Candyland. The stress of the races was balanced by days spent stretching, careless, on white beaches and starlight nights of singing. And all the tension we underwent wasn't futile, we won a third place prize! Our terror at once sighting a nearby barracuda was offset by the memory of the colorful underwater world.

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# Sleeping Outside On Deck

By Rachel Ravina

And then there was born a certain comradeship between Heidi and I as we harmonized in repulsed squealings. We clambered, shrieking, up the boat ladder and watched from safety as my Grandpa donned his snorkeling gear and swam off in hopes of sighting the creature! Every experience, from joyous to petrifying, enriched the trip.

When we made the return voyage, though in part we were relieved to escape the heat and cramped, showerless quarters, going home was a great disappointment. But that trip was still one of the best times of my life and I wouldn't trade a piece of it in retrospect. Sailing back to the mainland we were almost curious what non-turquoise water looked like. However, as the dazzling azure gradually gave way to a dingy root beer tint, our spirits deflated. We could never relive the experience. We could not turn back and enter that world again and we knew that even if we someday visited that very island again, it would never be the same. You can never recreate a moment when you were happy.

Each time we return to the boat, memories of all the other times return in a flood. Heidi and I still stretch out many a summer on the same bow where we invented games years ago. Although we are older now, and the world no longer seems so large and vibrant, there is a certain magic that must remain in the very fibers of the boat that makes us remember!

This past August we had another adventure on the *Cerulean*, which is now docked in Rhode Island. There were eight of us, my family (including my uncle, cousin, and our captain) and Auggie, a friend of my Grandpa's who brought his boat along to help house the clan. We embarked on a three-day sailing venture on the Narragansett Bay. One night from that voyage stands out in my mind. It was when the spirit of stubbornness that assailed me in my dinghy days returned.

I decided I would sleep outside, near the front of the ship, under the stars. The same force that had compelled me to believe that a metal dinghy would be a paradise now made me certain that sleeping outside on deck would be as well. So I gathered my blankets in a flurry of pleasure at the prospect and found myself a comfortable nook on the cabin top beneath the boom. Despite my mother's protestations that I wouldn't be very comfortable, I remained determined. At first it was as majestic as I had envisioned. The stars began to peep out one by one from the haze of dusk. I sighed. High above, the wind made the halyard clang rhythmically against the mast, like a lullaby. All was peace. I nestled deeper into my nook beneath the sleeping boom. I smelled the salt air and was happy. Staring out at the boat next to me I wondered whether the sailors there saw me and recognized me as a kinsman, one acquainted with the sea as they were. I swelled within.

Then, all of a sudden, the musical clang grew more furious as the wind picked up. A loose fold of the sail flapped viciously high overhead. My eyes peeled open and I stared, suddenly mistrustful, at the boom. When the wind switched, even though the sail was tied

down, it would jerk and waver slightly back and forth above my head. Was that topping lift truly sturdy? Who knew how many years it had been gradually fraying up there? I craned my neck and twisted about to recover a comfortable position, but the boat beneath me began to feel harder and harder. There was only a thin blanket between my back and the solid deck. Every position I tried, I encountered lines and deck fittings in all directions. My legs felt trapped in the blanket and a horrible notion floated into my mind, what if, in my slumber, I was to roll off from my perch?

I started up immediately. Somewhat dampened but still clinging to my rosy ideal, I retired to the cockpit. I could still sleep outside, even if it wasn't in the bow. Yet, in my adamant proclamations that I was determined to remain at the head of the ship, I had lost the chance to have the yellow bunk mat. Heidi was already half dozing blissfully on the great cushion on her side of the cockpit. Since childhood I have claimed the top bunk below deck. She, too, wanted to sleep outside rather than on the second bunk bed where the air didn't circulate. For once she would have the upper hand.

With a sigh, I unfurled my sleeping bag and tried to take hold of slumber. If I lay perfectly still on my stomach, I discovered, the hard cockpit surface was not so unbearable. As I closed my eyes and became motionless, the last wafts of my enthusiasm for the great outdoors escaped.

In the morning I awoke to a worse fate than a little discomfort. I had a vague impression, in my half-wakefulness at some unmentionable hour before dawn, of rain coming down in unrelenting little spouts. Exhausted, I bemoaned cruel nature and merely covered my head with the sleeping bag, trying piteously to sleep through it. I could scarcely comprehend what the wetness was, never mind attempt to clamber over the many obstacles between my bench and the dry haven below deck. I was soaked through with some mixture of dew and rain. My parade had been washed out.

Hours later I began to extricate myself, cringing and unpleasantly sticky, with no hope of a hot shower to restore me to wakefulness. Everyone else was already stirring and Grandpa had started the coffee pot. I hobbled and crooned like a senior complaining of innumerable ailments and huddled in a miserable clump in the cockpit corner, taking deep swigs of the coffee, my consolation.

Soon Auggie, as well as my cousin and uncle, tramped over from the other boat to have breakfast with us. Auggie, with his perpetual sunglasses shielding unclouded blue eyes and his mild drawl, never seemed to have anything negative to say. Even when we had encountered a lightning storm and he had nearly lost his boat, he had taken it all in stride. I was immediately ashamed of my grumpiness in his presence and let it flit away with my strange and interrupted dreams.

I will look back on this year and miss it. I have strapped on my own workload and, whether in triumph or failure, it is molding me for the better. All I can do is strive to be like Auggie, undaunted even in a storm.

(Editor comments: 14-year-old Rachel received a "B" for this essay in her English writing class. As her friend, Charlie, who passed on her effort to us said, "Would that I could write so well!")



A journalist of this city (Philadelphia. Ed.), an associate editor upon one of the morning newspapers, undertook to make a canoe voyage down the Susquehanna River last summer. He took his canoe up to Wilkesbarre on the cars and launched it upon the bosom of the stream at that point.

The only obstacle to complete enjoyment on the part of the voyagers upon the Susquehanna are the many dams which obstruct the stream. It is customary to carry the canoes around these and to enter the stream below them.

The first one encountered by the editor was the dam at Nanticoke. This has in the middle of it an enormous chute through which the water rushes upon an inclined plane so as to permit the rafts which descend the river to float down.

Just before reaching the dam the editor paddled to the shore and interviewed a native respecting the condition of the chute.

"What do you think of the chances of my shooting the dam in this canoe? Do you believe that I could do it?"

"I should think you could, of course," said the man.

"Will there be no trouble about getting through?"

"No, I guess not. I never heard of anybody having any."

"Why? Did anyone ever go down in a canoe?"

"Yes, indeed! There was a fellow here about a week ago who went through in a whizzbang."

"What did he say about it?"

## A Canoe Voyage

From the *Portsmouth Daily Chronicle*,  
March 16, 1876

Submitted by Dick Winslow

"Well, he didn't make any particular remark, took it quietly."

"Didn't seem frightened?"

"Oh, no. After he got through he was just as calm and unruffled as a baby."

The journalist resolved that he would try it. He paddled out to the channel and headed his frail bark for the chute. Soon he got into the current and the canoe began to acquire frightful velocity. Then he thought maybe he had better give up the venture and haul the canoe around on dry land, but the current was too strong for him and the only thing he could do was to keep the boat bows on and let it go.

By the time the head of the chute was reached the boat was making about 100 miles an hour and the next moment it slid down the watery hill like a flash of lightning. When it struck the river below it shot beneath the surface, carrying the crew with it, and for a second or two he could feel himself proceeding underwater at a painfully high rate of speed. Then he became unconscious.

When he revived he found that some philanthropic person had hold of his legs and was rolling him over a barrel, while close at

hand lay his canoe with a hole stove in the bottom and his trousers with the point of a boat hook firmly fastened to them. Then they sat him up, and as soon as he seemed comfortable the native who had given the information about the dam approached and said, "Two dollars, please."

"Two, two, why, what, two dollars for what?"

"For snatching you from a watery grave. It's the regular charge."

"Why, you told me that I could shoot the dam!"

"Well, you did shoot it, didn't you?"

"And, you said that the other man last week did it safely?"

"Oh, no. What I said was that he was calm after he went through. And so he was. He was awful calm because his pants were so tender that they wouldn't hold the boat hook and when we ketched him he was dead."

"Why didn't you tell me it was so dangerous, you infamous scoundrel?"

"Young man, don't use hard words. Why didn't I tell you? I did give you all the information you asked for, and besides, I make my living fishing fellers out, and really now, look at the thing fair and you'll admit that I can't be taking the bread out of my mouth by begging all such navigators as you to get out and walk, now can I?"

Then the editor broke in the ribs of his canoe with the end of his paddle and voyaged home in the cars. When he canoes again he will hunt up a river that has never been dammed.

(From the *Philadelphia Bulletin*)

On Sunday, June 11, the Norumbega trippers completed Segment IV of our year long goal of paddling the Charles River from the source to the sea. For this trip the rains finally stopped long enough for us to launch in the sunshine at the old roadhouse restaurant on Route 109 at the Millis/Medfield town line.

Bill Conrad chose his old E.M. White guide canoe for this trip, I brought along the 16' Peterborough replica made by Jim Spencer up in Smith's Falls, Ontario. Ed Howard joined me as bow man for the day.

After the weeks of incessant rains the river's water level was almost up to the road and the parking lot that we normally use for the automobiles now was covered by more than 6" of water. We were able to launch directly into the parking lot and paddle through the trees to get into the river proper to start our voyage to South Natick.

## Charles River Source to the Sea

### Segment IV

By Steve Lapey

The marsh area of the Charles was flooded way over its banks to the point that it appeared to be one huge lake. The regular channel was down there somewhere but we just set a course to the north and paddled in a straight line to where the marsh gave way to an area with defined banks. Out in the open stretches the wind was causing some difficulties for us, more so for Bill paddling solo in the White. We had the advantage of more weight in a smaller canoe so it was a little easier to maintain a straight course.

In addition to the high water, when we got into the narrower parts of the river the current was moving along at a rapid rate, allowing us to relax and enjoy the scenery as we steered our way downstream. Soon we came to the Trustees of Reservations property at Rocky Narrows where we stopped for an early lunch, rested, and discussed the merits of various wooden canoes for a while before getting back on the water to complete the mission.

From Rocky Narrows to the South Natick Dam is usually about a two-hour or more paddle but today we paddled gently and steered our way in just over an hour-and-a-half, the river was really moving! There were a few fallen trees, or sweepers, in the water but in this section the river is wide enough there is always plenty of room to get around any obstacles, not at all like the upper sections that we have done previously.

(To Be Continued)

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## International Scene

Iran has been chartering VLCCs (Very Large Crude Carriers) and is using them to store its excess crude oil.

The arrival in the Ukraine of the *USNS Advantage* with U.S. "technical aid" sparked anti-NATO demonstrations. The cargo was reported to be construction materials for barracks for Ukrainian soldiers at a training range. The Ukraine plans to hold six multinational exercises this year, including Sea Breeze 2006 with a sizable NATO contingent. The demonstrations may impair the Ukraine joining NATO some day.

U.S. sanctions prohibited U.S.-owned ships from operating under the North Korean flag. At least nine Delaware-based shipping companies were affected.

Foreign crew members off-signing ships in New York can no longer stay overnight at a hotel and must depart for the airport before their vessel leaves its berth. If the ship has left its berth, the off-signing crew members must be escorted to the airport by an armed guard.

The Republic of Korea proposed to Japan that they conduct a joint maritime survey of the continental shelf between them. (Oil and gas, one assumes.)

British maritime groups are fighting in British courts the controversial European Union directive on criminal sanctions for pollution from ships, and most of the same groups warned Brussels against creation of a European Coast Guard and a European Union flag.

## Hard Knocks and Thin Places

The Barbadian coast guard found a white 20-meter-long yacht rolling in the Atlantic swells. Aboard were the desiccated corpses of 11 young men. Apparently they had set off from the Cape Verde Islands off Africa four months earlier and headed for the Canary Islands. Whether they were cut adrift or whatever, they died of starvation and dehydration.

Three members of the same family died on the small Japanese chemical tanker *Shuho Maru* after inhaling benzene fumes while near Tokyo's Haneda Airport.

Two seamen on the South Korean chemical tanker *Green Sambu* died after inhaling benzene fumes.

The Egyptian ship *Karim I*, loaded with timber, hit another Turkish ship at a Black Sea port. While awaiting repairs to relatively minor damages, the *Karim I* suddenly sank in 20 minutes.

The gravel carrying Dutch inland cargo vessel *Romi* capsized on the River Schelde in the middle of Antwerp, apparently the victim of the wake from a passing vessel. The master survived but his wife and her brother were trapped inside and died.

The elderly 3,000-dwt cargo ship *Portland* carrying a load of cement sank "within seconds" in heavy weather off the Canary island of Teneriffe. Nine of 11 crew were rescued. The ship was not registered in any Classification Society because of its bad condition.

Off Karwar in India, the bulkier *Ocean Seraya* carrying iron ore hit rocks and 22 of the crew of 23 were rescued.

In the Black Sea Romanian port of Constanta a floating crane crashed into another floating crane and its boom collapsed onto a tugboat, sinking it and killing six of its crew.

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

On the Hudson River, the tug *Pacific Reliance*, half of a big articulated tug/barge rig, had an engine room fire. The tug was less than three months old.

On the River Humber, the cargo ship *Skagern*, carrying lumber and copper, collided with the container ship *Samskip Courier*. Down by the head, *Skagern* was towed into port by two tugs while the container ship continued on to the Netherlands.

The tanker *Shakhdag* collided with the cargo vessel *Willy* in the English Channel and no one was hurt, no oil was spilled.

Reports said the Turkish cargo ship *Mina* struck the Greek tanker *Agois Artemis* near Athens and then sank. Seven were saved and an unknown number went missing.

Soon after, other reports said the Turkish-operated cargo ship *Han* had collided in the Aegean with the Greek tanker *Alios Artemis* carrying gasoline to Crete and, again, seven crewmen of the *Han* were saved and some Turkish extremists claimed the collision must have been deliberate. After some research I have concluded that the *Mina* and the *Alios Artemis* were the vessels involved in these two sets of reports.

Four Myanmar and four Indian seafarers have been stranded on the 9,000-dwt cargo ship *Paulijing* for six months without pay in the Malaysian port of Johor. Now, rotting soya beans in the holds threaten their health. A court order has kept the ship at Johor for the last nine months due to a legal dispute.

## Gray Fleets

The Israeli Navy captured an Arab boat that was trying to smuggle explosives into the Gaza district. The next day the Navy had the pleasure of blowing up the boat and contents.

A shipyard in Abu Dhabi built a 64-metre landing craft named *Al Munassir* for the Royal Navy of Oman, the first time a Gulf Cooperative Council country had built a warship for another member of that regional group. The shipyard is also building six 72-metre corvettes for the United Arab Emirates. They will be the largest steel-hulled naval vessels to be solely propelled by waterjet propulsion.

The Royal Thai Navy stationed three warships in the Andaman Sea and said they will be sent out for rescue work or to assist boaters during the monsoon season. The Pakistani Navy will get the first of four Chinese-built frigates by 2008 and the rest by 2013, although the last one will be built in Karachi. This is in addition to the four frigates that Pakistan will buy from Greece.

The Indian Navy apologized for an accident on Wullar Lake in which a teacher and 24 schoolchildren drowned when a boat carrying them during a picnic capsized.

Scots, Welsh, Irish, and Fijians crew members on aircraft carrier *HMS Illustrious* were most unhappy when forced to line up on deck so as to spell out Nelson's famous "England Expects" signal as encouragement to the English team in the World's Cup finals. *Illustrious*, after all, is a United Kingdom vessel, not an English warship.

On September 23, 1779, John Paul Jones trumpeted to his enemy, "I have not yet begun to fight," and soon his frigate *Bon Homme Richard* had captured the British

frigate *Serapis*. Badly damaged and fundamentally rotten, the *Bon Homme Richard* soon sank, and this summer three teams are vying to find what's left of the American warship. British divers feel sure it's in Filey Bay, novelist Clyde Cussler is financing an expedition by his non-profit volunteer group, National Underwater and Marine Agency, while a U.S. team from the Naval Historical Center and the Ocean Technology Foundation plans to scan at last 20 square miles of sea bottom.

Although Russian media reported that Russia planned to open a naval base in Syria in order to have a presence in the Middle East, officials denied the reports. One report stated that Russia wanted to relocate from the Ukrainian port of Sevastopol, where the Russian lease expires in 2017 and the Ukrainians may not renew.

In 2003, Romania bought two ex-Royal Navy frigates, *Coventry* and *London*. Now an investigation is underway to see if refurbishing contractor BAE Systems committed acts of corruption during the deal. The frigates, now named *Regele Ferdinand* and *Regina Maria*, were part of Romania's effort to upgrade its navy to NATO standards.

## White Fleets

Cruise ships frequently made the news this month, usually bad news for passengers and the company's bottom line.

The *Summit* had bearing troubles and skipped two stops on an Alaskan cruise and then cancelled its next cruise. Some passengers followed the example of passengers on the *Queen Mary 2* when it had to skip three ports earlier this year who promptly staged a "sit-in" after the big liner had an accident, and there had been a similar protest on the *Grand Mistral* in Brazil. Apparently ship-board connections to the Internet now allow disgruntled passengers to make an immediate case with the media.

A Filipino crewman died after being knifed by a fellow countryman aboard the *Queen Mary 2*. No passengers witnessed the fight.

A passenger on the *Mariner of the Seas* apparently fell or jumped overboard and was not found.

A passenger was spotted jumping overboard from the *Carnival Legend*.

The master of the 1,816-passenger cruise ship *Mercury* was arrested for being drunk just before the ship sailed from Seattle.

A strike in Norway by the Naval Officers Union (not connected with the Norwegian Navy) affected 37 local ferries and extended to the Hurtigruten (the popular cruise-cum-ferry service along Norway's coast) and so the big Lofoten, Trollfjord, and Nordkapp headed for the nearest harbor. (Coincidentally, the two firms owning these and 11 other Hurtigruten vessels decided to amalgamate after operating separately for many years).

The 35,210gt *Pacific Star* had to idle three hours between Noumea and New Zealand while a boiler feed pump was repaired.

Sickness was again prevalent aboard cruise ships:

The *Sea Princess* arrived at Vigo in Spain a day early because 230 of the 2,263 passengers and 863 crew were sick with gastroenteritis. The sick ones were not allowed to leave the vessel.

At Harwich, the *Van Gogh* was detained by U.K. health authorities after a severe viral



infection was reported as prevalent on the previous voyage. Five hundred passengers waiting on the wharf for a cruise to Norway were advised to return home.

Sixty passengers on the *Pride of Aloha* were confined to their cabins while 71 passengers and six crew members were sick aboard the *Norwegian Sun*, and the *Norwegian Star* reported 115 passengers and 12 crew sick with norovirus.

The ferry *Black Prince* headed out for a seven-night cruise of Norwegian Fjords but returned to Leith after 136 passengers fell ill with severe vomiting and diarrhea. (To give this news some perspective, the CDC logged 16 North American voyages with sickness in the January-March period this year, 18 last year, 22 in 2004, and 14 in 2003.)

"Dangerous and dirty" conditions and safety deficiencies on the 300-passenger Spanish cruise ship *Vistamar* made U.K. authorities declare the ship as "unusable" and the passengers were flown home. The ship may have to be reclassified as a freighter so it can sail for repairs elsewhere.

The recent deadly balcony fire on the *Star Princess* has resulted in draft fire regulations for all cruise ships. Balcony furniture, for instance, would be of restricted fire risk and partitions separating balconies would be made from fire-resistant materials.

The *Noordam* received praise for rescuing 22 people floating in the Aegean.

The dinner cruise boat *Navatek-1* rescued two brothers after their 14' motorboat sank off Diamond Head and they started swimming for shore. They had been in the water for four hours.

The Alaskan tour boat *Kalinin Express* ran into a submerged object near Ketchikan and two crew and 15 of its 52 passengers were injured.

### They That Go Back and Forth

The 1,000-pax, 300-car Spanish ferry *Fortuny* instituted a new U.K.-Spain service but was impounded by U.K. officials for safety reasons when it arrived in the U.K.

In Hong Kong, the ferry *Xin Jie* veered off course and ran aground. One woman was injured.

In the Bay of Bengal at least 18 died and a score were missing after a converted fishing trawler sank during a tropical gale. But earlier that week, at almost the same location, all 20 on another ferry survived. Later in the month the ferry *Rifat* sank in rough weather in the Bay of Bengal off Bangladesh and nearly 40 died or were missing. The river ferry *Prince of Patuakhali* capsized and sank in southern Bangladesh and as many as 100 may have died. The ferry was (surprise!) overcrowded.

On Lake Tanganyika in eastern Democratic Republic of Congo, the barge *Ndeke Alali* left Uvira with more than 100 persons on board but fishermen found only 18 survivors after fire started near the engine and spread rapidly to oil barrels.

In Scotland, operation of the ferry *Isle of Lewis* was suspended and eight crew were quarantined, probably due to a norovirus.

Two crew members of the sunken British Columbia ferry *Queen of the North* refused to talk to investigators, there were reports that the wheelhouse crew hadn't known how to operate new electronics and had turned some off, and the company was rumored as purchasing a youngish Spanish ferry as a replacement. It could be in service next year.

The Port Authority of Trinidad and Tobago was reported to be buying the TSV *IX Spearhead*, a six-year-old catamaran fast ferry that the U.S. Army has been leasing to transport troops and equipment globally.

Egypt indicted six company officials for negligence in the sinking of the ferry *Al-Salaam Boccaccio 98* that killed more than 1,000 passengers.

The big ferry *Pont-Aven* resumed service from the U.K. with steel replacing glass windows in 170 cabins that were shattered by an enormous wave that struck her.

### Nature

Oil from the *Ocean Seraya* began washing ashore on popular Indian tourist beaches after the ship ran ashore about three miles off the coast of Goa and broke in half.

The Bahamian-registered tanker *Hawaiian Leader* somehow spilled enough crude oil to cover 280 square metres of water near the Bulgarian Black Sea port of Burgas and the tanker was held for further investigations.

And the recent crude oil spill at Barber's Point, Hawaii, was not from the tanker *Front Sundra*, as first reported, but leaked from the terminal's floating cargo hose after its breakaway coupling disconnected. The spilled oil, about 1,000 gallons of Arabian sweet crude, was trapped between the non-return valves on the couplings and most of it quickly evaporated.

California is forever trying to reduce emissions and the latest is a proposal to the Port of Long Beach that would place "bonnets" over the exhaust stacks of ships at certain berths mostly used by ships that do not make frequent calls at the port. The bonnet would capture emissions and lead them to a shoreside treatment unit that would remove most of the harmful pollutants. Long Beach already is forcing regular callers to plug into shore electricity and shut down their generators, a process known as "coldironing."

In Houston, torrential rains caused waste oil tanks at two refineries to overflow into their containment basins and then overflow into the Houston Ship Channel. One tank also caught fire and water being deluged on the burning tank accelerated the overflow process. A spokesperson explained, "Our storm water tank went from being about 20% full to 100% full in one hour." The Channel received about 172,000 gallons of oil, one refinery cut back on production, and gas futures at New York rose 3.25 cents to \$2.1372 per gallon. The spill, in Houston's inner harbor, was unlikely to affect wildlife and was cleaned up in a few days.

Weather experts predicted a "very active" American tropical storm and hurricane season with some hurricanes perhaps reaching the northeast U.S. coast, but in Grenada a port authority official noted that many politicians simply got in the way when a hurricane struck. "Ministers can cause major headaches. If you can lock them up or lock them out, do it."

In the Philippines, tons of dead deepwater fish with bleeding gills were sighted floating on the sea, causing many to fear poisoning. Species included lapu-lapu, bangsi, talak-tok, mulmol, and other in-demand species.

Elsewhere in the Philippines the coastal tanker *Billy Star* that was driven ashore on Sibuyan Island by Typhoon Chanchu was in danger of breaking up and spilling its cargo of sulphuric acid. Acid/seawater interactions

were visible on top of the cargo tank.

### Legal

A French court ordered the master of the Norwegian chemical tanker *Trans Arctic* to pay a fine of E400,000 (\$513,000) but E350,000 was suspended because the ship's owners had already been ordered to pay a E360,000 fine by Norwegian officials. The ship was seen off the French coast with a 38km slick in its wake.

Another French court ordered the owner and master of the cargo ship *Baltic Trader* to pay a fine of E450,000 (\$576, 000) for leaving a long oil slick off the French Mediterranean coast.

### Nasties

Joint patrols by Indonesian, Malaysian, and Singaporean forces and air patrols have reduced piracy attacks in the Malacca Strait, with none in the first quarter of this year, but none of the pirate gangs have been captured. The improvement may be due to improved economic factors rather than the patrolling.

But pirates attacked a fishing vessel off the Spratly Islands in the South China Sea, killing four fishermen. The pirates ransacked the FV, then fled.

And pirates on an unlit boat spent almost three hours trying to board a refrigerated cargo vessel 60 miles off Mauritania. They failed.

And off Somalia, pirates tried to board a cargo ship but desisted when security guards fired back.

Junior officers from six Southeast Asia nations practiced tracking simulated rogue vessels during the fifth annual Southeast Asia Cooperation Against Terrorism (SEACAT) maritime security exercise. Participants came from the navies of the U.S., Singapore, Thailand, Malaysia, Brunei, Indonesia, and the Philippines.

### Odd Bitts

In the Gulf of Mexico, the tension-leg drilling platform *Typhoon TLP* became disconnected from its moorings and flipped upside down during Hurricane Rita. The deep sea oil drilling rig, shaped like a cafeteria table with moorings extending downward from the ends of its bottom legs, was recently cleaned and then scuttled.

Three generations of one Maori family set out for some traditional mutton-birding on Titi (Muttonbird) Islands, a cliffy island chain off the southern tip of New Zealand's South Island. The mutton-bird, in New Zealand, is the sooty shearwater and tastes, some say, like "chicken stuffed with kipers." It is considered a delicacy by the Maoris. On the way home two freak big waves capsized their 47' trawler *Kotuku* and six of the nine aboard died. Three managed to swim to nearby Womens Island.

The entire U.S. Coast Guard was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for exceptional service during Hurricane Katrina. All Coast Guard personnel can now wear the ribbon with a special clasp in the form of the international "hurricane" symbol.

### Head-Shaker

A photo in a Dutch on-line maritime newsletter showed a large dugout canoe filled to the gunwales with black oil. The caption explained that the canoe was a West African bunker vessel en route to its next customer with a load of fuel for its engines or boilers.

Note: I heard most of this secondhand from a permanent resident of Dog Island, so some of the accuracy may be in doubt, but it ain't the kind of thing that is normally embellished too much and the details are all too bizarre to invent... all highly technical stuff, so if you ain't into that, better skip on. This is a long, long story, takes about three hours, what with kibitzing, to tell it, but I'll try to cut it to the very bone.

There was a preacher from Missouri who got some supporters to outfit a missionary project and he built a big pirate ship looking thing to sail down the Mississippi to the Caribbean to save the heathens down there. He had already made it down the Mississippi and east as far as he could go in the Intra Coastal when I saw the ship docked in Carrabelle at the eastern terminus of the Intra Coastal Waterway where he was fueling up to head across the northeastern bend of the Gulf of Mexico.

You know, just that he had come all that way says something for the man and his ship. Errol would have been "in like Flynn" on that thing. It looked like the boat was almost 50' long, but it was hard to tell where the actual boat stopped and the decorative part started. It had all sorts of filigree, dolphin strikers, chicken beaks, and stuff up by the head and some sort of balcony, artificial transom, windows, and stuff back by the stern, enclosing the head of what would normally have been an outboard rudder. The kitchen was way up in the forecabin... on deck with full standing room and a regular size cast iron wood burning range.

The living quarters were in the poop and had the rudder head protruding up through the roof with a 20-some-odd foot tiller way up there seven or eight feet off the deck, worked by hauling tackles to a homemade spoked wheel at least seven feet tall, mounted on a preaching pulpit in front of the forward bay windows of the living quarters. The well-lit cabin must have been a delightful place with all those windows and all those Bibles, hymnals, and prayer books in shelves lining the walls.

There were two enormous masts which looked just like pressure-treated utility poles with varnish on them. I noticed an ingenious use of semi-truck mud flaps as chafing gear for the gigantic yards that were lashed to the masts and secured by braces and sheets.

The preacher was even kind enough to take me below to show me the stores and the engine room. I noticed hundreds of canned hams stored under a grating in the spotless bilge and boxes of spaghetti in racks along the sides of the hull. Big pale agricultural liquid tanks glistened up in the bow. There were cardboard boxes of even more Bibles, prayer books, and hymnals secured with big rope netting.

The immaculate engine room had a little Perkins diesel engine, heat exchanger cooled, three-to-one velvet drive, 1 1/2" stainless shaft, patent stuffing box, two fuel filters, and a sediment bowl. A big old polished bronze and glass raw water strainer shone like jewelry in the fluorescent lights. I was able to catch a glimpse of the dull but expensive gleam of no-telling-how-many Rolls batteries under the stainless steel expanded metal of the engine room deck.

There was a paper towel holder handy to the dipstick, Bounty, nothing second-rate down there. Errol might have fit in pretty good on deck, but you could tell that preach-

## The Best of Robb White 1997-2000

### The Canned Ham Incident

By Robb White

(Robb's storytelling skills were fully revealed to us in this story from the July 15, 1998 issue)

er wouldn't have let him near that engine room with his slap-dash self. I even felt a little out of place but I was glad to get a chance to marvel at it.

I liked his engine room and agreed with him about his mission. Somebody needed to do something about all those heathens down in the Caribbean Islands. I told that preacher that I thought the way to do it was to clench a Bible, hymnal, or prayer book in his teeth and swing over onto the heathen yacht on a halyard with a canned ham under his arm.

I hope I don't give the impression that I am making fun of the man. His boat might have been something of a show, and I guess that is what he thought it would take to accomplish his mission. It was obvious that he knew exactly what he was doing so far and I'm sure he knew exactly how to deal with heathens without me. Unfortunately, I had to come back to our shop in Georgia to try to build a boat for a man and was unable to supervise the crossing the northeastern Gulf of Mexico.

The way I heard it, the preacher listened to the side-band weather, looked at the weather fax until it looked like it would be good for a while, and then motored out the pass between St. George and Dog Islands into the open Gulf, heading for Anclote Key. He was planning to motor the whole way, like he had been doing so far, and save his sails for the "trades." He listened to the radio too long though and missed the tide in the pass, and by the time that little 4-108 had pushed that behemoth out past all that water coming in it was getting late.

Later he told my buddy, one of Dog Island's hard-bitten permanent residents, that he was counting on the land breeze to give him a nice lee of the island and the shoals east of there to make it an easy cruise, and it probably would have in a more predictable season of the year. The preacher went into his house and got a chair and his bedroom slippers and sat there behind his great big wheel and watched the Floridians turn on all those electric lights that they use to demonstrate their dominance over nature. I guess he was thinking about opening up one of them canned hams when the wind started breezing up from the south a little like it does when a cold front whips a little further down than expected.

By the time he got the chair and the bedroom slippers secured it was blowing pretty good. Too bad it wasn't a land breeze. The preacher said that it was blowing about 50 with 15' to 20' swells. The data buoy anchored 80 miles out in the Gulf said 18 with gusts to 22 and 4' to 6' waves, but you know things are real variable in the Gulf of Mexico.

About midnight or so my buddy, the permanent resident, was coming back to the

island in his motor whaleboat from checking in at the Tiki Bar on the mainland, which he sometimes visited for a little while, when he noticed 11 very bright flares from somewhere around the east shoals. He took off in that direction to see what was what and found the preacher and his boat washed up sideways on the sand bar just east of the island. Turned out that while he was skirting the windward side of the shoals, watching his GPS and Loran and radar, wondering when the land breeze would start up, the beam sea began rolling those telephone poles around in the holes until they wallowed the wedges out and then they really went to flopping.

Before long the yards had snatched enough slack in the lines, securing them so that they were trying to sweep all that top hamper off the deck. There was nothing the preacher could do but hold on to that wheel and try to give that little Perkins all the help he could while he dodged those spars. He would have probably managed to slide by the shoals if one of the canned hams hadn't hopped over there and popped the nipple off the "state-of-the-art" plastic raw water intake through-the-hull fitting to the engine.

After that it didn't take long to boil all the coolant out of the heat exchanger. The preacher was too busy to notice until the engine ran hot and seized and the whole mess washed sideways up on the bar. The preacher dove for his emergency cabinet and all those (not out-of-date) SOLAS approved flares. Would have shot an even dozen, but he dropped one while he was side-skipping the sweep of the main yard. My buddy says he was amazed at the spectacle of just 11 of those things. Said, "You know them little shotgun shells just ain't in it."

When he got there the big boat was lying over on its side with its bottom to the breakers in about four or five feet of water. My buddy eased the whaleboat around to the lee side and tried to hold a conversation with the preacher about what he wanted to do. Turned out that he should have just told him to hop on board if he wanted to go back to Carrabelle, because the man refused to abandon all those Bibles.

While they were trying to shift the Good Books from one boat to the other in the surf, that 1" fitting in the bottom of the big boat had equalized the inside water level with the outside water level (both well above the batteries) which killed all three radios (single-side-band, VHF, and CB). The wind shift from the cold front came, the tide turned and took the wreck off the reef where it sank down to where the spars were all that were sticking out.

It took a while for the preacher to convince himself that it was all right now to give up the good fight and get out of that cold water. During the decision-making process the whaleboat was winding up 600' of 1/2" nylon line with its propeller. My buddy finally figured it out when an enormous inflatable boat appeared, coming rapidly up from astern.

The cold, the Tiki Bar, and the frustration of trying to be subtle with this preacher had dimmed his wits and, at first, he thought this thing was just coming to see how things were going when, in fact, it wanted to dive under the stern of the whaleboat, explode, and wrap all up in the wheel in a knot as hard as a truck tire.

He and the preacher spent a long time trying to cut the damn thing loose but they were frustrated by the coldness of the water,



the toughness of the fabric of the top-notch dinghy, and by a 5hp British Seagull that was also wrapped around the wheel and shaft of the whaleboat. By the time they gave up on trying to clear the propeller the Seagull was all they could get loose. Too bad the "stopped clove hitch" the preacher had tied around the mast of the ship to make up the whaleboat didn't hold like that knot around the propeller and they had been drifting toward the Florida Middle Ground all this time.

They tried the old trusty 12lb Danforth which had held the whaleboat so faithfully for so long in the rough anchorage at Dog Island, but it wouldn't find the bottom with the line that they had close to hand. Of course, they had the 600' dinghy painter spooled up between the wheel and the strut, but that was unavailable. My buddy estimated that they would end up somewhere down around Ft. Myers if they were really lucky. If they were sort of lucky and the wind came on around more east like it usually did, it would be the Keys or Cuba. If they weren't lucky, they might get to work with the heathens after all. Hard to predict on the first day of a four or five day norther.

My buddy finally brought all his faculties to bear on the problem and decided to try to get the Seagull running. The muffler was gone, the shaft was bent in a "U," two of the five propeller blades were busted off (both on the same side, wouldn't you know), and the whole steering handle throttle control arrangement was gone. Not only that, but it looked like something had been snatched out of the carburetor by the throttle cable.

Only after they had taken the foot off and straightened the little square tubing thing that Seagull uses for a shaft between the head and the foot and beat the housing back into some kind of shape that would allow a little strained rotation, did they discover that the crankshaft was bent so that the flywheel was jammed against the magneto housing. (Ya'll following all this? Might better read back over it or the rest ain't going to make a bit of sense). They finally straightened it out so that it could wobble almost clear by driving screwdrivers up under the rim.

My buddy had five gallons of gas that he was carrying to the island for his generator, but there wasn't any oil. He was very proud of the integrity of the whaleboat's own 4-108 and felt that the display of gallon jugs of Delo 400 were undignified in a good boat. They had to break the antenna off the weather radio to use as a straw to suck the black oil out of the dipstick hole of the whaleboat's engine with their lips. My buddy, an old mariner for real, said that was the closest he ever came to being seasick in his life, but he had to do it.

Luckily, the preacher was up to the job, too, so they took turns sucking on the antenna. They mixed the oil with the gas a little at the time in a cut-off bleach jug bailer and poured it in the Seagull's squashed gas tank. Then they tried to crank it while it was clamped on one of the interior bulkheads of the whaleboat, no spark, so they turned it upside down and poured gas all up under the flywheel to try to flush out some of the water from the points and coil and all. When they pulled the rope after that the old Seagull fired right off, literally.

My buddy said that those shotgun shell style flares weren't in it with the SOLAS jobs, but both of them were dwarfed by the fireball that came out of the flywheel of that

Seagull. So there it was running wide open (they had had to take the wreck of the throttle completely out of the carburetor) in a pool of flaming gasoline. My buddy said it was hard not to back up to the fire for a while in that cold wind. Finally, the out-of-balance of the wobbling flywheel, the bent shaft, and the broke propeller vibrated the clamps loose and the whole bellowing mess fell off the bulkhead into the fire where the oxygen was burned up enough to finally shut it down.

Of course, the impact knocked some of the paper towel (not Bounty) stuffing out of the holes in the gas tank and added more gas to the fire and my buddy and the preacher had to dance around quite a bit to avoid the flames that were whipped every which-away by the increasing north wind. Unfortunately, they had chosen the bulkhead that the fire extinguisher was mounted on for their mechanicking. Luckily those old surplus whaleboats are made out of fire retardant resin or their gooses would have been cooked. Finally all the wasted gas burned up and they were able to proceed to step two, after they had sucked some more oil out of the dipstick hole with their lips.

I'm going to try to cut this thing down as best I can, but there is only so much that can be left out. What finally happened is that they nailed the cut-bait board to the stern of the double-ended whaleboat so that it wobbled sort of catty-whompus off to one side, clamped the seagull to it, tied it off to the towing bit to help the nails hold a little longer between re-nailing, and motored off into the north wind. It was a slow trip but they didn't get bored.

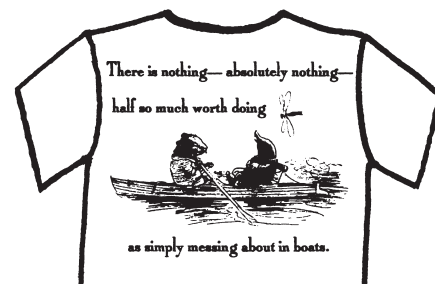
They found that they had a steady job sucking oil out of the crankcase of the whaleboat's engine. They were mixing gas by instinct and scared to death that they might starve the Seagull of oil, gall the liner and rings, and maybe even seize the already overstressed crankshaft. Then it would be Africa for sure, so they sucked hard.

The colder it got, the thicker the oil became. When they cranked the diesel to warm it up a little so it would be easier to suck, the dipstick hole pooted little droplets of black oil right in their faces, but that was insignificant in the face of the rest of all this.

Finally, in the desperate scramble to transport the open container of precious mix and pour it into the out-of-reach gas tank of the crazily wiggling Seagull, one of them bumped into the gearshift and, instead of instantly choking the engine down, the old whaleboat began to motor ahead.

It turns out that all the pitching of the rough seas had unwiggled the Avon from the wheel, unwound the 600' of line, and they were underway in a 40hp motor whaleboat built just exactly for that kind of duty. They hooked all 40 of them horses up, pried the baitboard off the stern, and headed for Dog Island. They got there just in time for the arrival of the 11am ferry. "Man, what happened to y'all's faces?" said the wit that met them trudging up the dock.

Epilogue: (I'll cut this to the bone, too.) They went back and re-floated the *Heathen's Revenge* with two waterbeds inflated in its hold, sold it, and divided up the revenue in an agreeable fashion. The preacher went back to Missouri and my buddy went back to the Tiki Bar.



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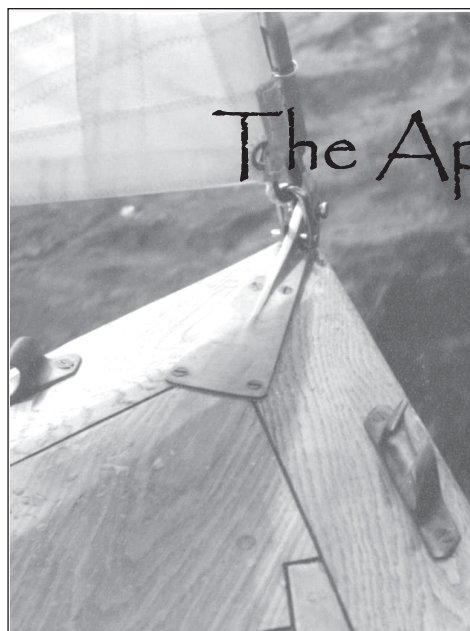
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About the year 1830, according to maritime historian Howard Chapelle, the population of towns and cities on the East Coast of the United States had grown to the point of sustaining a regular inshore fishery. That is, the demand for fish was large enough, and steady enough, to justify markets, icing or salting facilities, special piers, and a commitment to fishing as a way of life. One immediate consequence was the rapid proliferation of new types of small sailing craft, produced on a trial and error basis to meet local needs.

It is generally believed that logic shaped the hull and rig of commercial sailing craft, that they would not have been the way they were if their particular characteristics had not worked. Form follows function, we suppose. Fishermen have always been relatively poor men who would scarcely spend money for boats that did not serve them well. Cheapness, speed, capacity, durability, reliability, safety in the conditions that prevailed, adaptability to the particular fishery, simplicity, and small maintenance requirements are what the fisherman surely looked for, and what he must be assumed to have found in the boats he is known to have used.

One would assume that, as experimentation proceeded, hulls and rigs would move from a variety of experimental extremes toward some norm that turned out to work best, with only such departures as the specific demands of local fisheries might dictate. That is, some fisheries might need boats of unusually light draft and certain consequences in hull and rig would follow. Other fisheries might need a boat with enough sail power to tow a trawl or an oyster dredge. Still others might require a boat with unusual speed and weatherliness to reach and return from an offshore bank. The point is that, rationally, every local variation in design ought to be explicable in terms of local needs.

But when one examines the range of American small sailing craft in the 19th century one finds, rather than variations on some more or less standard type, a bewildering array of hull forms and rigs. It is as if nearly every type that the mind of man could imagine not only came into being, at some time and place, but enjoyed more than momentary survival. Skinny boats and fat boats, shallow boats and deep boats, single-masted boats and two-masted boats, light displacement boats and heavy displacement boats, hard-chine boats and round-bottom boats, boats with little ballast and boats with much ballast, boats with minimal freeboard and boats with as much freeboard as a fisherman could have and still do his work. All were tried and many found niches in which they could flourish.

It is difficult to think of more than two reasons for this richness of variety: (1) strictly local needs may have differed much more than might be expected, producing variations in type beyond what the essential sameness of wind and wave would lead one to anticipate; or (2) the shape and rig of a boat may simply be less important than is generally believed, and the local popularity of a type may be attributable more to fashion, aesthetic preference, or the good reputation of a builder than to demonstrable superiority of design.

This problem is not without importance to the contemporary pleasure boatman. We live in an age of high homogeneity of design, enforced among sailing craft by the several handicapping rules. Although such rules are intended to enable boats of diverse types to race fairly against each other, it is well known

## The Riddle of the Sharpie and the Cat

By J. Kellum Smith, Jr.

that every rule ever devised has favored a particular type and thereby discouraged construction of other types. It has been remarked many times that the design features which yield a low rating (i.e., a generous handicap) under the several rules do not necessarily yield a comfortable, fast, able cruising boat, or a boat that will be happy in the waters in which her owner intends to sail her.

A very few builders today, resisting the trend, offer boats of unusual form or replicas of 19th century types. Are those more likely to be satisfactory, especially in the waters where they were originally used? Or are the behavioral differences relatively minor? Or is the homogeneous, rule-designed boat more satisfactory everywhere and under all conditions? Is the quality of the job done by the builder more important in any case than the design of the boat?

The 19th century offers two particularly interesting examples of diversity in design which are just about as different from each other as they possibly could be and which are also, each in its way, about as different as they possibly could be from the contemporary rule-designed sailboat. They are the New Haven Sharpie and the Cape Cod Catboat.

The sharpie is said to have originated in New Haven about 1830 as a substitute for the log canoes that had previously been used for a small oyster fishery, and it may be that the fishermen's prior experience with the extremely narrow log canoe sufficiently explains the sharpie's chief peculiarity, its small beam in relation to its length.

The New Haven Sharpie was flat bottomed (cross-planked), narrow, with little flare or flam in its topsides, very small draft, and a very large centerboard. Its beam at the chine was usually about a sixth of its length (the comparable figure for a modern rule-designed sailboat would be nearer a third), and its beam at deck less than a fifth its length. It had very low freeboard and was therefore largely decked over.

It ranged from about 28' to about 36' in length and carried one or two, but usually two, unstayed masts with leg o' mutton sails. It had no jib. Its ballast was inside, commonly in the form of stones. The rig was relatively small and very limber, the boat needed little sail area to drive it and had a limited range of stability. The sharpie was cheap and simple to build and maintain. It was fast both on and off the wind as long as the sea was not excessive. And evidently it did its job well.

One would assume that so special and curious a boat would have had a primarily local appeal and would certainly not have been put to open water service. But the sharpie has been one of the most successful migrants among American small craft (as Mr. Chapelle has pointed out). In the latter half of the 19th century it could be found not only in Long Island Sound and in New England but on the Chesapeake, in the Carolina Sounds, around Florida, and even on the West Coast.

For open water use it was more heavily built and was given slightly more beam, freeboard, and draft. In its larger versions, up to

60' feet long, it was frequently schooner-rigged. The sharpie proved that a long and narrow flat bottomed sailboat works well in a variety of conditions. Indeed, the eminent yacht designer Commodore Ralph Munroe believed the sharpie type, slightly modified, to be among the most seagoing types of all, and the sharpie variants he produced may be said to have pretty well confirmed his view.

About 1870, at a time when the virtues of the sharpie were known everywhere, the Crosby brothers on Cape Cod began to build a boat that improved on the virtues and avoided some of the defects of earlier catboats as well as of local sloops. (There appear to have been fast, shoal draft cats in New York and New Jersey for many years before that, as well as a class of keel cats at Newport). About the only respects in which the Cape Cod Cat resembled the sharpie were its shoal draft and its reliance on a large centerboard for lateral plane. It was relatively short (20' to 26' in the fishing versions, larger later on when it became popular as a party boat). Its beam was usually just under half its length.

It was round bottomed, though the hull had little deadrise. It had a single, very large sail on a mast that was anything but limber, an unstayed telephone pole that stood in the very eyes of the boat. Its freeboard was considerable (it differed from the New York and New Jersey cats in that respect). It carried its large sail area in a gaff rig with a boom that overhung the transom by at least four or five feet. Its displacement was moderate and it needed a modest amount of ballast, which it carried inside (as virtually all 19th century sailing craft did).

The sharpie and the Cape Cod Cat represent diametrically opposed design philosophies as well as different shapes. The sharpie is a narrow, slippery vessel that requires small horsepower to move well and can therefore get along on modest sail area, fortunately so, because its narrowness precludes a larger sail area. The cat is a beamy boat that presents a good deal of resistance as it moves through the water and demands a good deal of horsepower. It obtains that horsepower from large sail area and its great beam enables it to stand up to its canvas.

You would think that after all the years man has been sailing one or the other of those two design philosophies would have turned out to be superior, but the fact seems to be that you can get good sailing qualities either way and in intermediate ways as well (e.g., the modern rule-designed sailboat).

The Cape Cod Cat came into being at a time when many harbors on the Cape had resident sharpies, yet it soon became the preferred fishing boat in the Cape harbors and also at Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. It fished successfully as far as 30 miles offshore and came home reliably through the difficult tidal waters off Pollock Rip and Monomoy Point. It enjoyed some success as a migrant, but not nearly so much so as the sharpie. Its popularity has continued, however, and cats can still be seen up and down the coast in fair numbers, their form unchanged since 1890.

Unfortunately, few sharpies are seen today, and those few mostly in modified form. One reason is that the original sharpie, with her very small beam and low freeboard, was practically impossible as a cruising boat, there was simply no room inside her. Some of the sharpie modifications, however, offer modest cruising accommodations and good performance at low cost.



What differences between the conditions in which the two types of boat were used might explain their dissimilarity and their success? There are some, but not many. The Cape Cod Cat would probably have been of little use in the New Haven oyster fishery. The sharpie worked by anchoring episodically over the oyster flats while her two-man crew "tonged" for the shellfish. Being long and narrow, the boats were directionally stable and lent themselves well to the technique employed. Their booms could be allowed to go off right forward because the unstayed masts were stepped on brass bearings and could rotate.

So the sharpie would take care of herself as she fished across the flat and then, when you wanted to beat back for another pass, you had only to take the sheets in hand again. It is also likely that the sharpie's very low freeboard and large deck area made it easier to stand and work the oyster tongs than it would have been with most other types of boat. Finally, the sharpie would have been relatively easy to row across the flats when wind was lacking.

But these virtues of the sharpie in the New Haven oyster fishery do not explain its

success elsewhere. According to Chapelle it even did well, schooner-rigged, in coastal freighting, so let us consider the other side of the coin, how the sharpie might have fared in the Cape Cod fishery which was, for the most part, a ground fishery. First, its very shallow draft (shallower even than that of the Cape Cod Cat) would have been an advantage. Every inch of draft that you do not have to have in Cape waters is a gain in range and security. Probably its very low freeboard, rotating masts, wide side decks, and other special features would have been of small importance in the Cape Cod fishery, and probably there would have been a certain nervousness about the seaworthiness and weatherliness of the unmodified sharpie type.

The winds are strong on Nantucket Sound and the offshore waters and a nasty chop builds up quite rapidly, steepened by the shallowness of the water. And the catboats regularly fished the exposed ocean side of the Cape and Nantucket, where a sudden gale from the east or northeast can test any type of vessel. But why would the Crosbys not have attempted a modification of the sharpie, as did Commodore Munroe and others, rather than devising and building a type

as different as it could be?

Well, the Cape Cod Cat is relatively shoal, if not so shoal as the sharpie. It is compact for its carrying capacity, fast for its length, weatherly, quick to tack, relatively capacious, comfortable and stable in ground fishing or tending lobster traps even in rough waters, and good in both strong breezes and light airs. Working as the Cape and Islands fishermen did, out of small and shoal harbors with narrow and often tricky entrances, and fishing as they did in open and rugged waters, they may have felt that the Cape Cod Cat was a better compromise than any other known to them at that time, including the sharpie. And they may have been right. We shall probably never know in the absence of experiments that duplicate the boats and the fishery and the men.

So the riddle is unsolved. From it, however, the contemporary boatman can draw the lesson that 100 years ago two boat types thrived on the east coast of the United States which were (a) very unlike each other and (b) very unlike that most common form of sailboat seen on our waters today, the rule-designed sloop or yawl. May there not be a virtue in diversity that we have forgotten?

---

## CLC Sells 100th Passagemaker Dinghy

By John Harris

To mark the occasion of shipping the 100th Passagemaker Dinghy kit in just 12 months, eight of CLC's full-time staff hopped into two Passagemakers for a photo op on Spa Creek in Annapolis.

The Passagemaker Dinghy is 11'7" long and can hold a payload of over 600lbs. We created the boat in part at the instigation of *Passagemaker Magazine*, another Annapolis business. Bill Parlatore, *Passagemaker's* editor, had suggested that there was demand for an elegant tender as an alternative to heavy, fragile, and expensive inflatables. Making a dinghy that size that could row, sail, and motor was tricky, but evidently among tenders the Passagemaker is a paragon of sorts. And it carries a big payload. In the Spa Creek photos one of the stock Passagemakers has over 800lbs pounds aboard. Not ideal for anything but glassy water but suggestive of the boat's capability.

A Passagemaker Dinghy kit can be assembled and finished in about 100 hours even by people with little or no boatbuilding experience. CLC's patented LapStitch™ technique makes stitch-and-glue construction especially easy. The computer-cut parts are ready to assemble straight from the shipping box. The kit contains the okoume marine plywood panels, mahogany trim, and all of the



epoxy, fiberglass cloth, and hardware needed to complete the project.

A Take-Apart option is available for builders who need to store the boat in a small footprint, whether that's the deck of the mother ship, an apartment, or a carport. The forward 45" of the hull is removable and will stow in the aft 94". About 40% of the kit buyers have opted for the Take-Apart kit.

A lot of the builders are drawn to the Passagemaker's sailing qualities. The

Passagemaker is stable enough to be a fun daysailer or sail-trainer but fast enough to satisfy the dinghy-racing types. We've got a lot of families who are building Passagemakers together and turning the boat over to the kids.

For more information on the Passagemaker Dinghy or Chesapeake Light Craft, visit [www.clcboats.com](http://www.clcboats.com) or call John Harris at (410) 267-0137.

There is, without any doubt, an amazing growth in interest in model sailboats, and the variety of types of models seems to have no parameters. I am not only referring to New Zealand, but also in Australia, the United Kingdom and the United States, and photos constantly sent to me continue to reveal the depth of modelers' choices.

Ten years or so back in time it was hard to find anyone willing to undertake a build of a sailing model of one of the magnificent square-rigged vessels of years gone by, and today there are so many exciting models of that nature being built it is just amazing. See one on the water and it evokes excitement by modelers and by passers-by strolling the pond sides and lakes to the point that many stop and ask questions, sit on the benches somewhat reluctant to leave, and stay awhile to watch as the little intricately constructed square rigged models with a multitude of billowing sails and amazing deck detail sail by.

## Different Boats For Different Folks

### The Wide Variety of Model Sailboats in Many Countries

By Mark Steele

And it is not only square-riggers being modeled today, with the choice of models built varying from gaff-rigged cutters to models of Joshua Slocum's famous boat *Spray*, New Zealand scows, schooners, ketches, pirate ships, a Caribbean island trader (Bob Walter's, of Auckland's Ancient Mariners, sloop *Blossom of Bequia* which I once owned and passed over to him) among a variety of types of boats modeled and sailed. Schooners, in particular, have enjoyed a resurgence in popularity and have come a



My schooner *Fijipsy Jack* is still sailing.



Auckland, New Zealand's Bob Walker's trading sloop *Blossom of Bequia*.



Provisions for the islands aboard *Blossom of Bequia*.



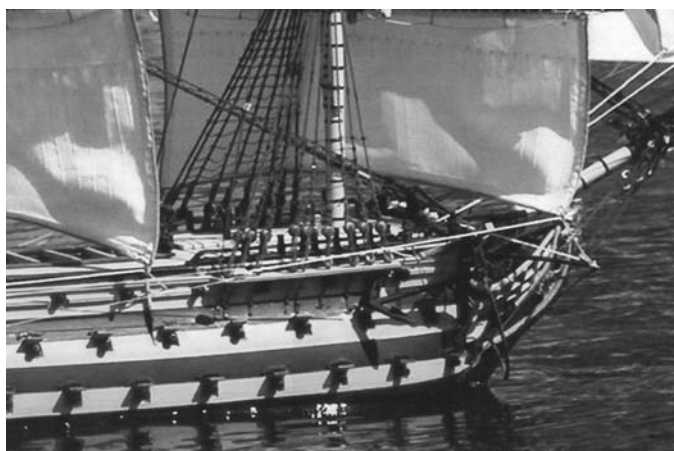
The Netherlands' William Moonen's three masted schooner *Drommen*.



The brigantine *Marama* built by Felix Wehrli of Zurich, Switzerland

The UK's Mark Tindall's *Victory*.

South Carolina's Andrew Charter's schooner *Elizabeth Silsbee*.





long way since my friend, the late John Spencer, produced the Fiji Magic cat-rigged RC schooners including *Fijipsy Jack* that he built for the writer who still owns it. Today there is Andrew Charters in South Carolina producing truly lovely schooners among others there and in other countries.

In European countries such as Germany, Switzerland, France, and the Netherlands, interest in building and sailing beautiful model ships under radio control is unbelievably high, look at the website of Swiss Mini Sail on the internet as an example and you'll find the range of different models quite staggering. In Germany the models of Andreas Gondesen, in Switzerland, Felix Wehrli, and in the Netherlands the models of both Wim Moonen and Hans Staal speak volumes for their skills as master model shipwrights

More and more people, I admit, mainly those retired from business like myself and others nearing that stage of their lives and who have sailed full size boats in their younger years, are now embracing what is a wonderful relaxing pastime with the added benefit of creating a working item of art. I have only to go back say 15 years where in Auckland, New Zealand, there appeared to exist a terrible stigma of an adult being seen sailing what was looked upon by some as toy boats. I have known cases whereby a grown man out sailing would walk away from his boat on its cradle rather than risk some critical comment accompanied by a frown of disdain and an "I dunno" implying shake of the head. That, I suspect, was the reason that racing Marblehead yachts and later one metres were ridiculously promoted in those years as "radio yachts" as opposed to model yachts.

That stigma has now departed on the sea of time and indeed it has become almost fashionable, certainly unique, to be seen sailing what are often works of art that have taken much research and often several years to build and draw favourable comment instead.

Serious racing of the International classes is still around, and indeed that area probably always will be and is not to be knocked for those combatants look upon the high costs of materials including sails constructed

by professionals who are often champions themselves, and hulls of the right design and material as a small price to pay in order to race perhaps even overseas in World events for their class. That is fair enough for to each his own, but it would be nice if the often present agro and occasionally bad behaviour were to disappear in time, for here in New Zealand it was what directly led to the writer coining the phrase "windling" in order to separate those who race seriously and those who favour scale models and who cruise rather than race them.

But that is all history now and for those who haven't tried this absorbing hobby, whereby the right adult-like attitude is

important and where relaxation, fun, and friendship are the key aspects, I'd say this windling thing is worth considering.

You know, to start with and get you really interested in going on to a bigger model, you can build a small but unique scale coastal schooner from a kit that will free sail and astound you and others with how damn impressive it looks on the water. If you doubt me, look at the photograph here. No, you can't fit radio control in it for it is only 16" long and has a solid block of wood hull, but aside from the effort to build it and finish it, properly, from memory it will cost you less than 50 greenbacks from *Seaworthy Small Ships*, who advertise in this magazine.

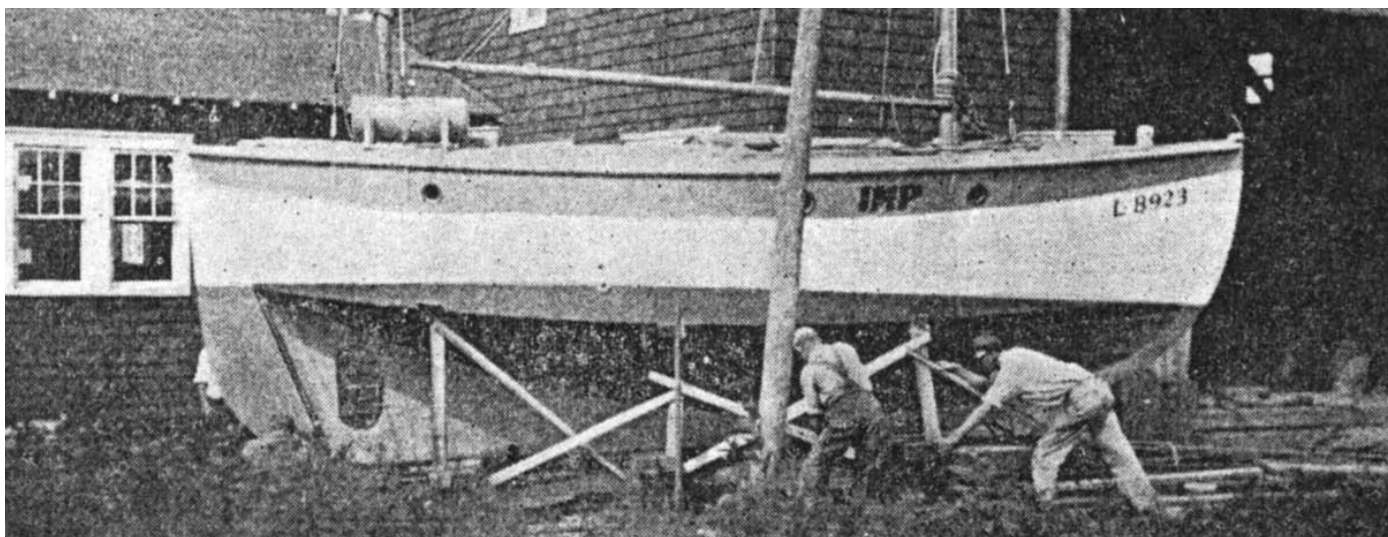


16" coaster schooner from Seaworthy Small Ships.

The *Bawley Anita*, Richard Gross of Auckland's Ancient Mariner windling group.







## Imp

By William Atkin

Reprinted from *Fore An' Aft*, May 15, 1927  
(A Yachting Magazine conceived by  
cruising men and dedicated to cruising)

Many tides have come and gone since this editor of yours drew the plans of what the sage of Dunedin called The Incomparable Imp. She was put together on paper under the tutelage of Bill Nutting while we sailed together as hands on *Motor Boat*.

These are the first photographs that have ever been published of Imp. And I publish these at the request of many of our subscribers.

Now Imp is a 26' length overall by 23' length waterline by 9' beam by 3'6" draft and of V bottom type. This one was built for Leigh J. Magee of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Here are some excerpts from a recent letter from Mr. Magee:

"Here are the pictures of Imp. I am sorry there are not more of the boat under sail but the enclosed are the best we have.

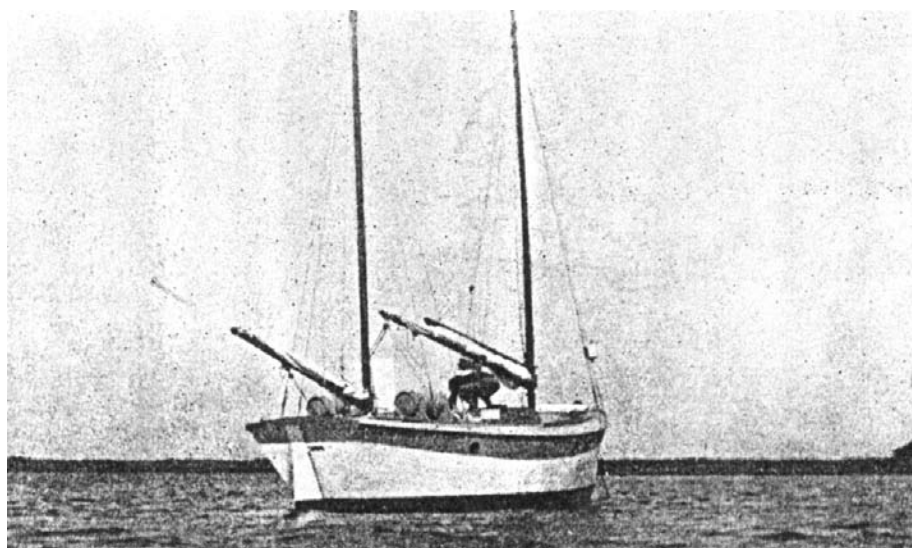
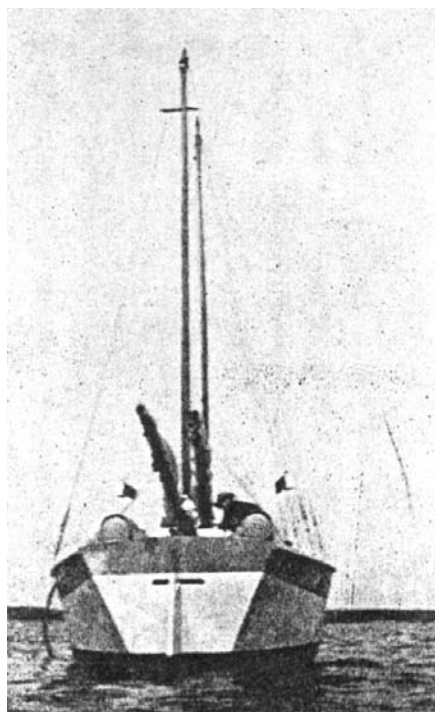
The specifications were followed with a few exceptions, the main changes being that  $\frac{3}{8}$ " cedar was used for the planking instead of  $\frac{1}{4}$ " yellow pine. This change was a matter of economy as the builder said this wood would



stand up as well as the other planking and not be nearly so expensive. The only other change is that yellow pine was used for the keel instead of oak and the frames are fastened into a groove on the side of the keel instead of being fastened to the top.

The motor is a Fay & Bowen Gobest turning a 14" diameter x 12" pitch Hyde propeller.

The boat caused quite a sensation when we first took her up Barnegat Bay. Everyone who saw her liked her very much and was surprised at the room we have."



### About *Fore An' Aft*

*Fore An' Aft*, "a Yachting Magazine conceived by cruising men and dedicated to cruising," was launched in 1926 with yacht designer William Atkin as Editor. While dedicated to cruising, it was much like our *MAIB* in that it carried many articles from readers. With the permission of Pat Atkin, who today offers plans of designs by William Atkin and his son John, her late husband, we will be bringing to you a number of these articles as they appeared in the 1st Anniversary Issue of April 1927.



# My Quest For the Ideal Boat

## Part 4

By Bob Davidson

By this stage of my boating life I had decided that I wanted to build a small sailboat that was big enough to carry two people but light enough to consider transporting on the top of the car. The Bolger Cartopper design seemed like a good sized sailboat for my needs. It is not too small, nor too big, so I bought the plans.

While studying the plans for Cartopper, and getting close to preparing to build one, I read the cover article in the August 1, 1995 issue of *Messing About in Boats*. It was about a beach cruiser design called "Alaska" and I fell in love with that design. I immediately ordered the study plans and began to dream about building one. I knew then that "Alaska" just might be my ideal boat. However, I knew that building one would take quite a bit of time and I was in a hurry to get on the water sailing. I was never able to put the "Alaska" design completely out of my mind, however. We'll come back and talk about that design some more later on.

One day while looking through the classified ads up near Lake George I came across an advertisement for a Boston Whaler Squall 9' sailboat. I went to take a look at it and saw that it was in excellent condition. Here was an opportunity to get into sailing without waiting. I couldn't pass it up for the price, so I bought it. I got a great deal of enjoyment sailing that little boat around Lake George. I had always been impressed by the unsinkability of boats made by Boston Whaler.

One problem, though, is that they are very heavy boats. This little 9-footer seemed to be much heavier than any other sailboat of that size. That's OK if one has a place to moor it all season, but I didn't. It wasn't the kind of boat I would want to launch and load frequently. Although I enjoyed sailing that little Squall, I started thinking about maybe looking into a little bigger boat. After all, bigger is better, right?

One day, while traveling on business, I drove by a really nice looking 17' sailboat with a "For Sale" sign on it. Mounted on a trailer, it had what I would call a 1/2-height keel with a swing keel that dropped down from it. With the swing keel up, it would float in about 3 1/2' to 4' of water. Dropping the swing keel added another 2 1/2' to its draft. I stopped and spent about an hour looking the boat over, then I had to continue on my way. From that point on I just couldn't stop thinking about that sailboat.

The boat was sloop rigged, made of fiberglass, and made by American. Its main-sail and jib were in good condition and there was room below to sleep two in a berth at the bow plus two more in fairly narrow berths that fit under the cockpit seats (kind of like little coffins). After a few days I decided that I just had to buy it.

The boat was fun to sail but kind of a pain in the neck to launch and retrieve with the trailer. The boat was pretty heavy and that darned keel was just too darned deep for frequent launchings. Towing that beast wasn't quite as bad as towing my old 23' Penn Yan, but it was big and heavy enough to be almost as bad.



This 17' American Sloop was a nice sailboat but it turned out to be much too heavy and bulky for my personal taste in boats.

There was another problem. Ever since my boyhood days in a rowboat, and on through paddling my "Wee Lassie" style "Lost Pond" boat and my kayak, I have enjoyed poking around in shallow pools and in areas where many other boats cannot go. I certainly couldn't do that in a sailboat with a keel! I discovered that the ability to venture in and out of shallow areas was very important to me. My ideal boat would definitely have to be able to get into shallow areas where I could mess about and explore all the little nooks and crannies that you find along the edges of most waterways. The big sailboat would just have to go!

Another problem was the rigging. Although setting up the mast and standing rigging on my 17' American sloop was not difficult, it was just another hassle getting between me and getting on the water with the boat. A mast with standing wire rigging is not a problem when one has a boat moored for

the whole season. One only has to set it up and take it down once a year. But I'm a trailer sailor. Each time I launched the boat I would have to set up the mast and rigging. Then I would have to take it down again when I hauled it onto the trailer. I decided that my ideal boat should not need standing rigging. I wanted to be able to step a mast and take it down again without a lot of fuss. Besides eliminating a lot of hassle, being able to quickly step and unstep a mast would come in real handy when I might need to pass under a low bridge.

Although I would prefer the ability to carry a boat on top of the car, thereby eliminating the need for a trailer, I came to the conclusion that my ideal boat would be too heavy for cartopping. My 17' fiberglass sloop, however, was just too big and heavy for me. You can find some color pictures of it at my web site: [www.bobsboats.com](http://www.bobsboats.com).

(To Be Continued)

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*Coastal Cruising Magazine*, which was then published in Beaufort, North Carolina, ran a design competition for a "coastal cruiser for two" in 1993. We're tempted by competitions when it looks as though some imagination was in order for the purpose aimed at. It's seldom a winning formula, especially as the people who judge the entries have a way of picking designs they like the looks of even though they don't meet the stated rules of the competition. But the editors often publish the rejected entries so the ideas are circulated and sometimes something comes of it.

We drew a compact studio apartment, economical to berth and to run at efficient and quiet speed (on this waterline length about 7½kts). We kept it quite shallow, "wading draft," to open up as much of a coast as possible and with a strong bottom to take the ground on occasion. Reasonably capable in open water to, for instance, run over to the Bahamas or further without much worry.

The idea is to go between ports faster and with a lot more predictability than is possible under sail and with a wider choice of anchorages than is available to most sailing cruisers. And when arrived, the full-length boat deck carries every kind of option including livelier sailing than most sailing cruisers deliver. The boat deck would be edged and checkered with flush sockets for lifeline stanchions, boat chocks, and tie-down points to encourage varying the mix carried. We naturally showed boats of our design, the Diablo fast utility, two Kotick kayaks, Sweet Pea surf dory, and Cartopper sailing dinghy, plus two bicycles.

But she could carry a motorcycle instead of the bikes, or a rigged Flying Dutchman, or an ultralight seaplane, with room left over for several punts to leave no one marooned. She could lift eight or ten Lasers or Optimists to a meet. Or you'd just invite some guests for the party, just not too many as she might begin to shed too much 'top-hamper' by heeling and dumping it...

On this particular hull shape it's pretty much a matter of adequate ballasting in the form of machinery, generous batteries, and varying amounts of lead matching the worst possible top-hamper scenario. The original preliminary estimates called for a ton of ballast. Today we'd likely add a steel-shoe

## Bolger on Design

### Carrier Vessel Personal, CVP-32 Concept

32'6" length, 12'0" beam, 2'3" draft  
 14'3" bridge clearance, 19,000lbs. displ.

under her box keel to allow least grief grounding and beaching while cheaper ballast sitting lower further addresses concerns beyond the internal ballast.

The deck could be surrounded by lifelines and covered with an awning or several large umbrellas for a wedding reception. Insistence on maximizing deck space led to the one-person helm station. Not a good trade-off, it certainly ought to have had side-by-side seats and a convenient chart table.

The port side crane allows launching the boats with the stem ramp obstructed. The ramp would be lowered over the afterdeck only while launching and recovering boats. At other times it has a pop-top capability to increase the 5' headroom of this compartment, though for dining and lounging the low headroom is pleasant. The side openings have solid and screen doors sliding in the same channels. For open water passages the large openings would be closed, though the after deck is watertight under foot, drained overboard, and well above the waterline. We'd consider raising its level to match deck loads and thus ballast requirements.

Acceptance of a modest cruising speed allows first, choice of engines, two 24hp diesels, that can be buried under the berth deck while still instantly accessible and, second, enough displacement and ballast to avoid any concern about weight on the boat deck. Dry exhausts are indicated, and having had some personal experience with automotive-type radiator cooling since this concept we would now eliminate all seawater connections and all through-hull openings except for the prop shafts.

As shown, the single rudder is too short to exploit the maneuvering potential of the twin screws. Single rudder and twin screws work fine if the props are inward-rotating and if they are close enough to the rudder and the rudder itself is long enough to divert most of the prop race from one of them when swung hard over. To turn the boat to port, for instance, you put the rudder hard over to port and go ahead on the port prop. You back down on the starboard prop to keep her from going ahead as she turns. The inward prop rotation boosts the action by tending to walk the stern the way you want it to go. The action is powerful and the bow thruster is unnecessary though it would be handy in a

beam wind. The only catch is that some skipers find it "counter-intuitive" to use the props the "wrong way" and can't bring themselves to try it. They then report that the boat (or ship) is dangerously unhandy.

Today we might consider hanging one additional rudder outside of each prop to really allow kicking her around in tight quarters and minimal headway speed, quite a few bow-thrusters have remarkably short running times before they shut down to cool off, likely just when you'd count on another burst of bow movement.

The hull shape called for strip construction of the complex shaped bilges. If we were doing it now this would be modified to accept all plywood construction, among other reasons to allow four season insulation to be installed. The intention at the time was to use the system we lived with year-round in New England in our Resolution for 14 years, wood construction without added insulation but with an inner sheathing with free air circulation between sheathing and planking open to the inside. The sheathing was always at the internal temperature, warm in winter. Radiation from surrounding surfaces has at least as much effect on comfort as the actual air temperature; that is, if the walls of a room are cold, inhabitants feel cold almost without regard to the actual air temperature.

But we have found in thinking through several designs for northern climates and one actual arctic boat, that serious insulation with intake air preheated allows a big economy in heating costs for a given level of comfort. A boat well-designed for heating and ventilation can be very pleasant in cold weather, only clearing snow around cleats and frozen lines gets to be a nuisance after a while. It's too bad to feel that a live-on-board has to flee south as the weather closes in.

As designed, the concept is too high for the bridges of the European canal system but the Baltic and the Mediterranean are not so limited, and in any case it would not be hard to lower the bridge and stack temporarily or permanently for the purpose. However, a lifetime is not enough to exhaust all the intricacies of the American East Coast and though she is fit to weather any sudden blow-up of sea or wind, the layout below and on deck is not what would be desirable for a long open sea passage. It's ideal for making the most of one quiet anchorage after another.

The U.S. Navy has designated fleet carriers CV as long as they've had them, adding N for Nuclear in due course. The small wartime escort carriers were CVE and there were some fast light carriers designated CVS. We add P for personal and use the length for a numeral, CVP 32.

There are no working plans for this concept and we cannot take on any new commissions for the time being, having a massive backlog already. Until further spare time to take on this work, this concept may offer some pleasant dreams to some...

## Classic Sea Chests

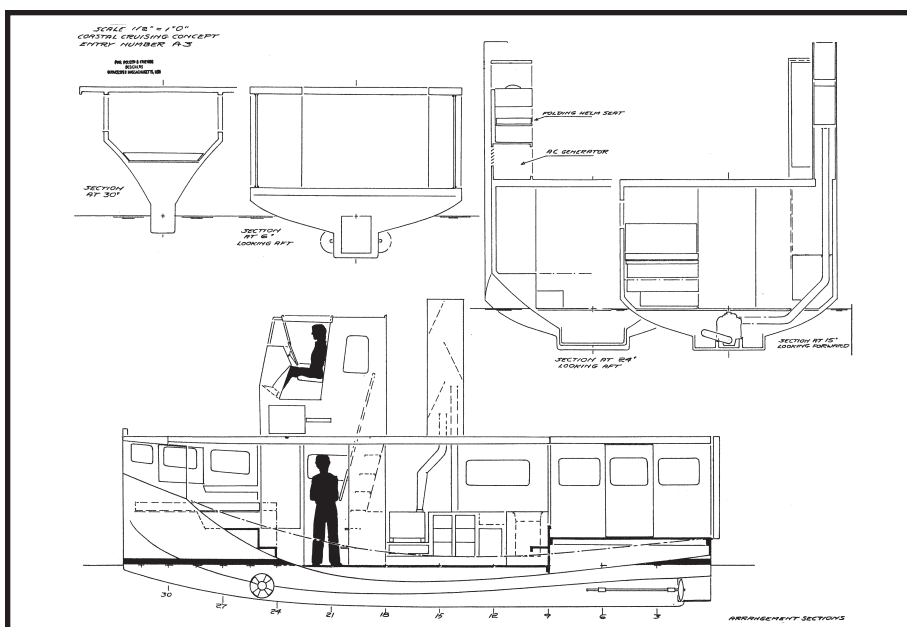
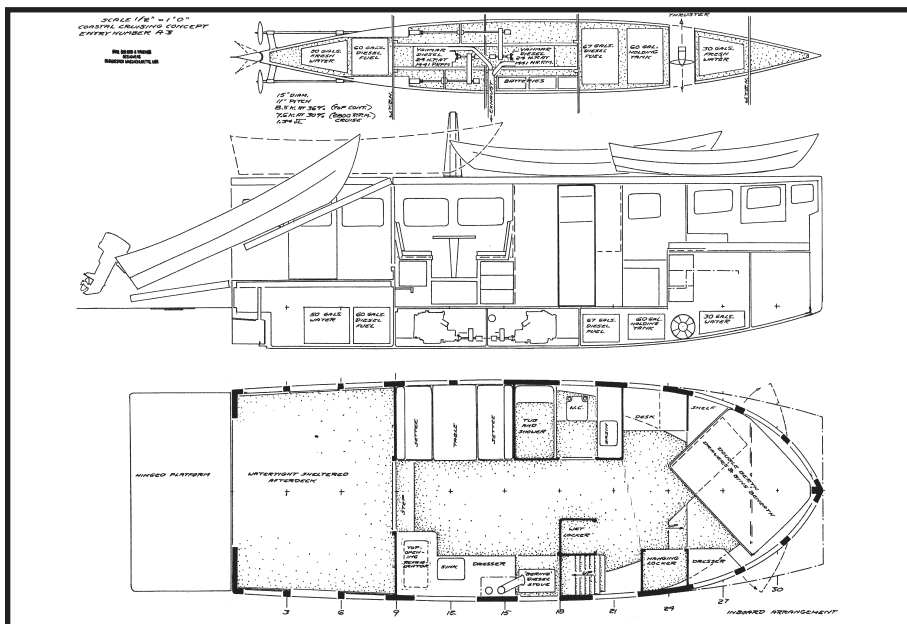
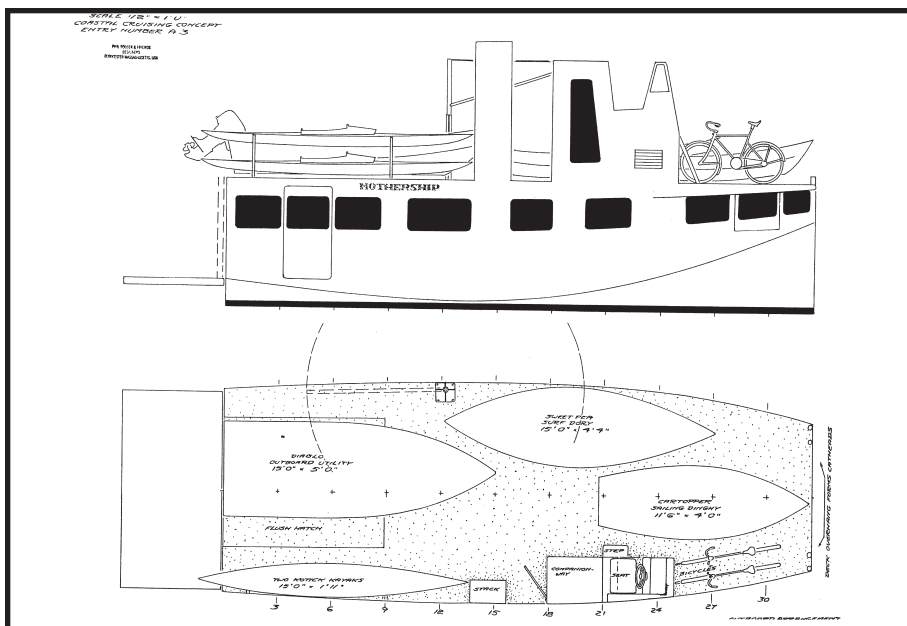
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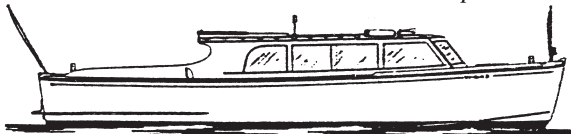


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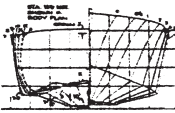
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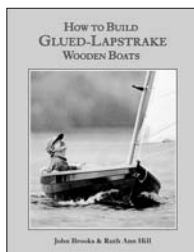
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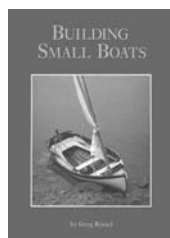
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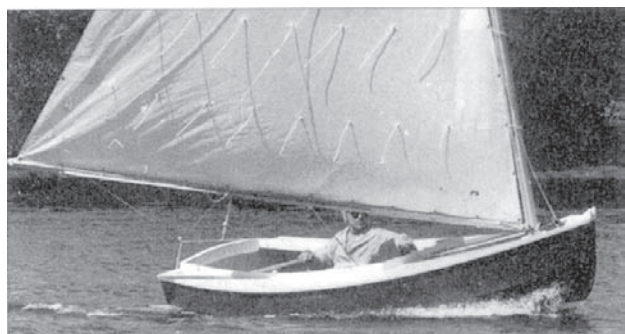


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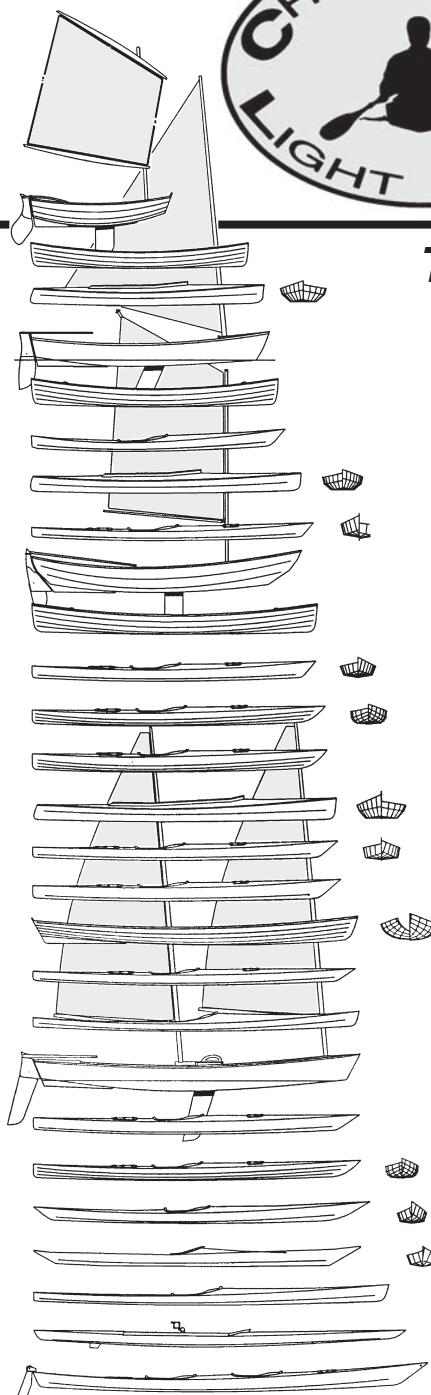
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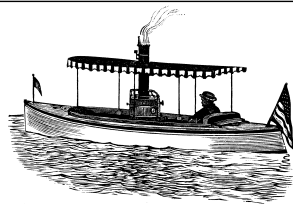
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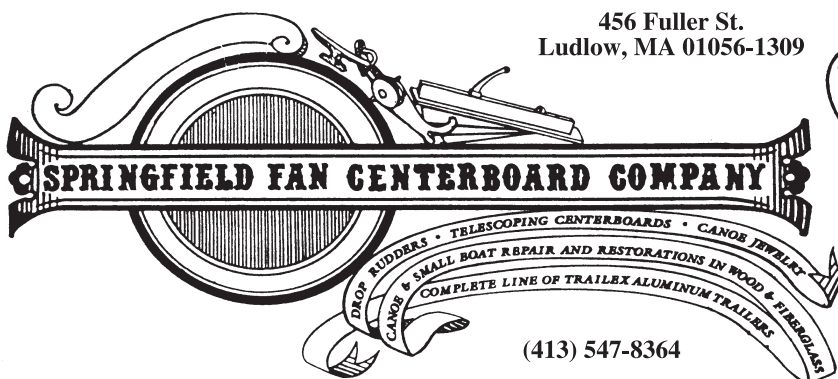
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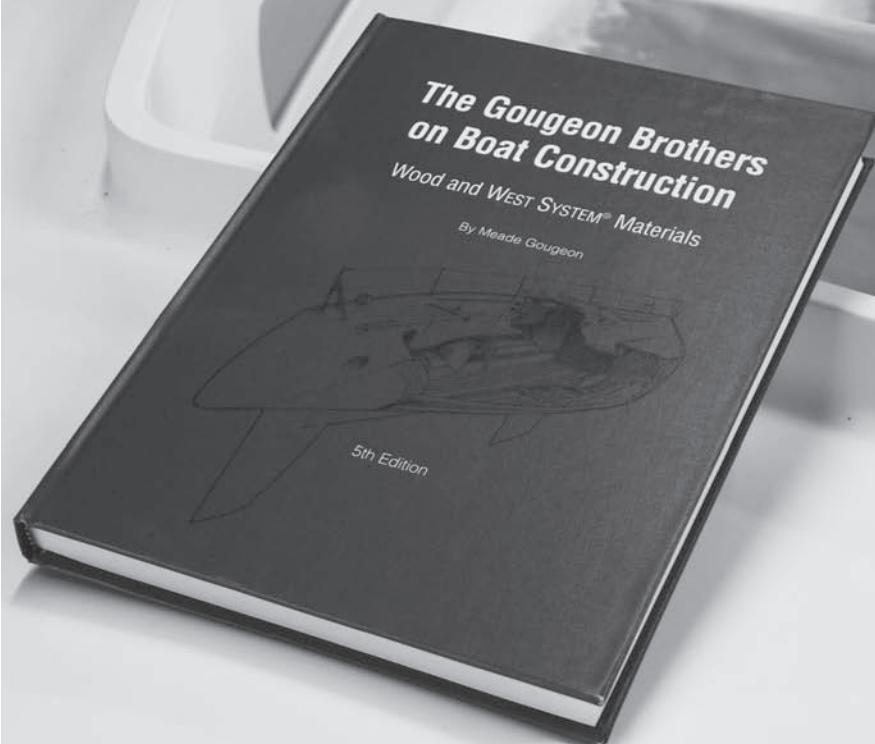
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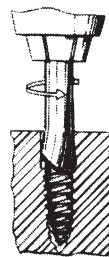


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**18'6" Sea Kayaks**, lightweight high performance, beautiful wood strip, outstanding classic design. Tough functional wood cored fg. These kayaks are fast, long narrow craft & handle effortlessly. They have shallow arch hulls which become deep Vs at the bow & stern to cut smoothly through the waves. The bow is designed with added volume to rise over waves. Two to choose from, brand new. \$3,500 & \$4,500 neg.  
**EDWARD KENNEDY**, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-3842 (9)



**Thorell 17' Double Ender**, Swedish built ocean sailing canoe, ca. '14. Compl, hull nds restoration. \$1,000.  
**BILL WHEELER**, New Preston, CT, (860) 868-0828 (8)



**Hogfish**, 32' shoal draft sharpie, cutter rig, built by master boatbuilder/sailor Chris Morejohn. Recently renovated & back from 8th Bahamas cruise. Sails, canvas, engine, electronics, head, stove, fridge, cushions, etc new 2005. Fully equipped for liveaboard cruising. Turnkey vessel. \$18,500.

ROB KREIT. Lancaster, VA, (804) 462-9840, beaupoint@peoplepc.com (9)

**'86 Javelin**, 14', gd cond, self bailing, self rescue, set of sails, trlr, at Greenwood Lake NY. \$1,800 obo. HENRY WALLHAUSER, Millburn, NJ, (845) 477-8945 or (973) 762-9027 (9)

**19' Seda Big Glider Solo Sea Kayak**, 21" beam, fg, watertight bulkheads fore & aft w/hatches, kick-up rudder, cockpit skirt, Seawing Self-Rescue Sponsons. White w/blue trim. Fast & stable due to long waterline & narrow beam. Not a beginner level kayak. In exc cond. No paddle incl. \$1,200 firm, no offers.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906 7-10am, 5-9pm (9)

**Crawford Melonseed Skiff**, #202, 13'8", green hull w/buff deck & tanbark sail. Like new, garaged, on galv trlr. \$6,750. STEVEN ROSSI, East Haddam, CT, (860) 873-2999 home, (203) 484-6603 office (9)

**3 Geodesic Aerolite Boats**, last 3 designed and built by the late Platt Monfort. 8' Black Fly, Nordic pram. 13' Blivit, decked planing sailboat. 12' Cricket, sailboat. See website gaboats.com for photos. Prefer buyer pickup, crating & shipping costs unreal. Fairly priced, but there will be no more. BETTE MONFORT, Westport, ME, (207) 882-5504, bette@monfort.us (9)

**17' Rangeley Lapstrake Guideboat**, cedar plank-ing. Built by S.A. Collins in Rangeley, ME ca. '40. Outstanding cond w/oars. \$1,980. CHARLES SMITH, Cambridge, MA, (617) 354-3471 (9)

## BOATS WANTED

### Used Poke Boat Single.

GROVER PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (361) 442-9351, grove777@aol.com (9)

## SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

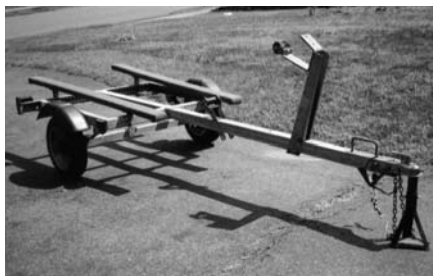
**10' Whisker Pole**, hollow spruce. Nds varnish. Origin unknown. Bronze fittings. Take it away or it becomes kindling. Free. JOHN FISKE, Beverly, MA, (978) 921-5220, john-fiske@comcast.net (8)

## SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

**Used Sail**, w/rope luff. 14' luff, 7' foot, 16' leach. BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-8048 (8)

## GEAR FOR SALE

**Bronze OB Brackets**, pr for 45 degree transom, lg sailboat, 10lbs ea. 12" x 24" x 2". \$25 pr. Too heavy to ship at this price, must pick up. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 5-9pm (9)



**Shoreline Model OMCB 147 Trailer**, suitable for 12' to 17' boat. Wheel size 4.80x12 w/Bearing Buddies. Trlr coupler 2" ball. All galvanized, in VG condition; \$300.

CONBERT H. BENNECK, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-5351 (8)



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## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Peter H. Spectre's Compass Rose Review**, updated periodically. Read it at www.compass-rosereview.blogspot.com. PETER SPECTRE, Spruce Head, ME (14P)

**I Will Give You My Collection of MAIB magazines**, provided that you pay the postage (shipping). Post office estimates parcel post charges at about \$8 to \$15 depending upon how far you are from me. Package weighs about 30 lbs. This is not a complete collection as I let my subscription lapse for a time, but includes the last half of Vol. 16, (1, Nov. '98), to Vol. 20, #20, (1 Mar. '03). It picks up again with Vol. 22, #10, (1 Nov. '04) through Vol.23, #24, (1 May '06).

NEIL FOLSOM, Standish, ME, (207) 787-3448 (9)



**Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak**, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions \$55. SASE for more info: ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, PO Box 256, West Mystic CT 06388 (19P)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

### BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM:

Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA44, 9152 Rose-crans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

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**Robb White & Sons Sport Boat**, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip plank skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.

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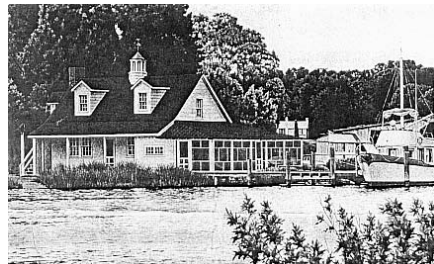
**Used Nautical Books**, fiction/nonfiction. Some rare, out-of-print. Free list.

THE PONDS BOOK SHOP, 8522 Lawrence 2082, Mt. Vernon, MO 65712, (417) 466-0229, theponds@mo-net.com (10P)

**Boating Magazines**, '50s-'90s, *Small Boat Journal*, *Rudder*, *MotorBoating*, *WoodenBoat*, *Yachting*, *Classic Boats*. Mostly full years. Call for pricing.

BETTE MONFORT, Westport, ME, (207) 882-5504, bette@monfort.us (9)

## WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



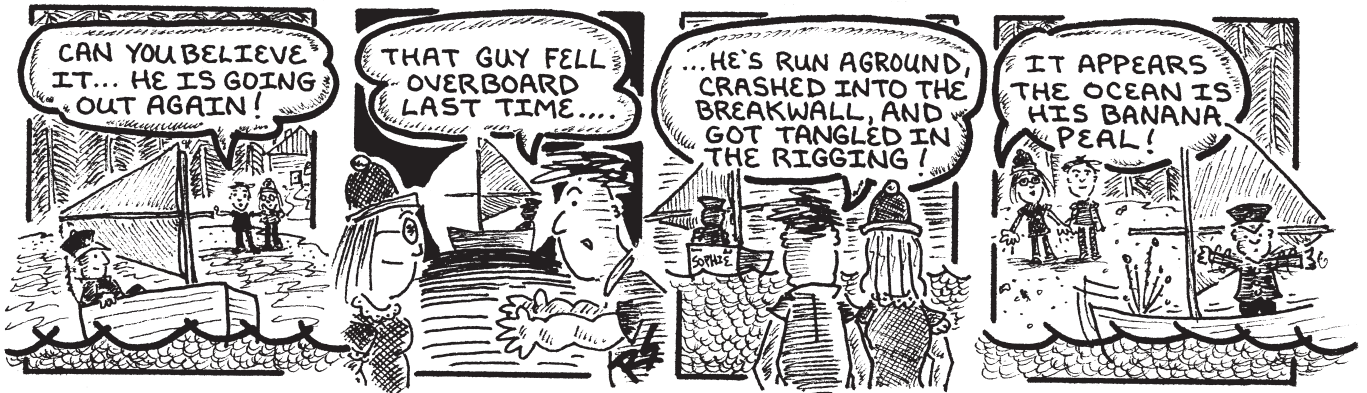
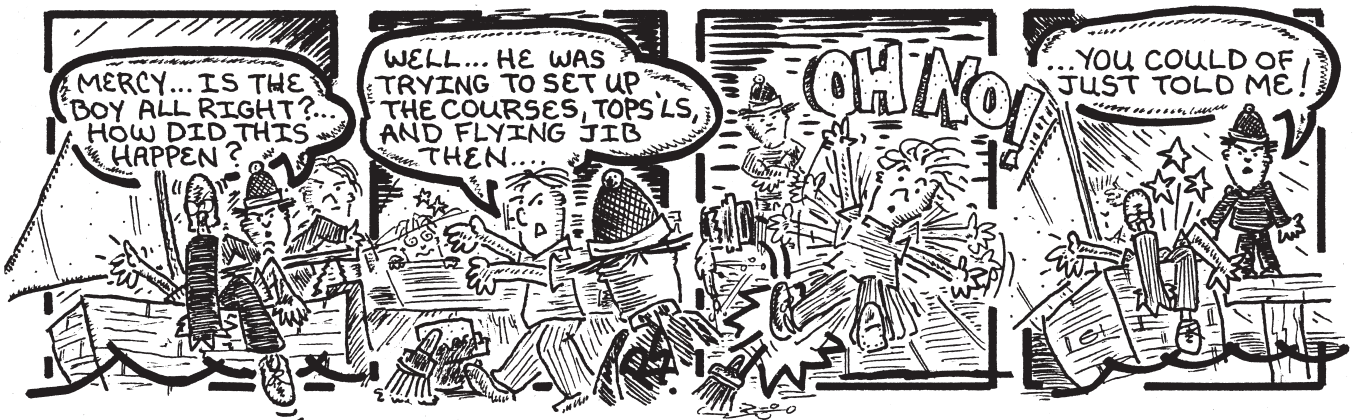
**Vacation Rental Waterfront**, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slips up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)





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July 8-9 Corn Hill Arts Festival, Rochester, NY

July 28-30 Finger Lakes Antique & Classic  
Skaneateles NY \*

Aug 4-6 Antique & Classic Boat Museum,  
Clayton, NY \*

Aug 11-13 Maine Boats & Harbors Show,  
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